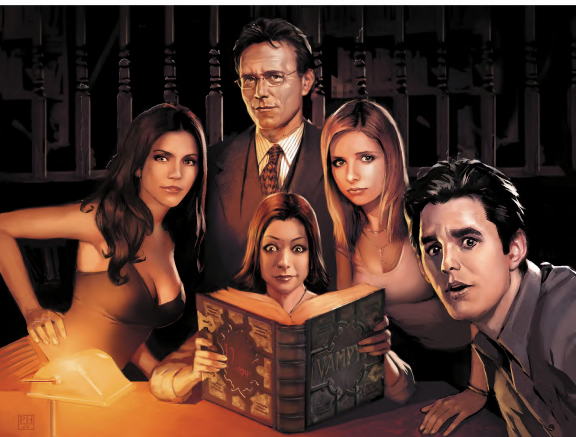


Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 3



Buffy
the vampire slayer™
O M N I B U S





Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 3

ARTHUR ADAMS
JOE BENNETT
CHYNNA CLUGSTON
CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
HECTOR GOMEZ
RANDY GREEN
JASON PEARSON
CLIFF RICHARDS
TOM SNIEGOSKI
ANDI WATSON
CHRISTIAN ZANIER

Based on the television series created by Joss Whedon.

These stories take place during Buffy the Vampire Slayer Season Three.



DARK HORSE BOOKS®

Publisher MIKE RICHARDSON

Editor SCOTT ALLIE

Assistant Editor SIERRA HAHN

Assistant Editors on Original Series MATT DRYER, BEN ABERNATHY, MIKE CARRIGLITTO & ADAM GALLARDO

Collection Designers LIA RIACCHI & HEIDI FAINZA

Cover Illustration PAUL LEE & BRIAN HORTON

Special thanks to Debbie Olshan at Twentieth Century Fox, David Compti at Glass House Graphics, Michael Boretz, Caroline Kallas, and George Snyder.

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER™: OMNIBUS VOLUME THREE

Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. Buffy the Vampire Slayer™ & © 1998, 1999, 2000, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2007, 2008 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved. Buffy™ and all other prominently featured characters are trademarks of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This volume reprints

Buffy the Vampire Slayer #1-8, originally published September 1998 through April 1999;

Buffy the Vampire Slayer #12 and #16, originally published August 1999 and January 2000;

Buffy Annual 99, originally published August 1999;

Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Play with Fire, originally published 2003.

Published by Dark Horse Books

A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.

10956 SE Main Street

Milwaukie, OR 97222

darkhorse.com

To find a comics shop in your area, call the Comic Shop Locator Service toll-free at (888) 266-4226.

First edition: January 2008

ISBN: 978-1-59307-885-0

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in China

INTRODUCTION

With this third volume, we finally catch up to the beginning of all things *Buffy* at Dark Horse. Contained within is that very first issue, by Andi Watson and Joe Bennett. While the first two omnibus volumes were composed of books published across the six years of our early *Buffy* publishing history, we now get to settle into Season Three, where it all started. And we're gonna be here for a while.

More comics take place in Season Three than any other season—until Season Eight catches up in another year or so. The reason for this is that *Buffy #1* debuted right about the same time Season Three started. Due to a slow flow of information from Mutant Enemy to us, we were better off wallowing around in Season Three until Season Four was well underway, and we could see clearly where all the plotlines were going. Faith was a particular problem for us. If you go back and watch Seasons Three and Four, Faith's roles and relationships were changing so quickly, we couldn't keep up. For that reason, Faith only appears in one mini-series in all those old *Buffy* comics—which won't be collected before Volume Five or Six.

Another character who's under-represented in this volume is Angel. We started work on *Buffy #1* in the middle of Season Two, when Angel had recently turned bad. We were only a little bit ahead of viewers; we were being sent scripts as Fox Licensing got them—which means the people approving our scripts knew little if anything more than we did. Our receipt of the scripts was usually only a couple weeks before the episode would air—as I was quick to learn, TV shows are done much more quickly than comics. I guess that's because they don't need one guy to draw forty-four minutes of TV.

Andi and I planned to include evil Angelus in the beginning of the series—until we got the script to the Season Two finale, when Buffy kills him. So we revised our plans, to keep him out of the series. We worked through the summer, preparing for the September debut of the comic, getting ahead on scripts. When the show returned to TV, all seemed well—until, a few episodes in, Angel came back. We scrambled to get good Angel back into our plans, but we still knew so little about how things were gonna go with him, that we couldn't involve him too much without risking that between the writing of an issue and the publication, the show would render our stories out of continuity.

The stories in this collection focus on the Scoobies, the original group. We were learning a lot about the characters as we went. Most of the stories stand alone—in Volume Four you'll see Andi and I attempt to build a season-sized story. This volume also includes the first issue drawn by Cliff Richards, who's gonna come to dominate each subsequent volume of the series.

That should be all the context you need for the next three hundred pages.

Enjoy—

Scott Allie

WU-TANG FANG 7

Title page—ARTHUR ADAMS & DAVE STEWART

HALLOWEEN 31

Title Page—CHRIS BACHALO with
TIM TOWNSEND & LIQUID!

COLD TURKEY. 55

Title Page—JOE BENNETT & GUY MAJOR

Script—ANDI WATSON
Pencils—JOE BENNETT
Inks—RICK KETCHAM
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—JANICE CHIANG

DANCE WITH ME 79

Title Page—CHYNNA CLUGSTON &
GUY MAJOR

Script—CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
Pencils—HECTOR GOMEZ
Inks—SANDU FLOREA
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—KEN BRUZENAK

WHITE CHRISTMAS 85

Title Page—HECTOR GOMEZ & GUY MAJOR

HAPPY NEW YEAR. 109

Title Page—RANDY GREEN with
RICK KETCHAM & GUY MAJOR

NEW KID ON THE BLOCK . . 133

Title Page—ARTHUR ADAMS with
JOYCE CHIN & DAVE STEWART

Script—ANDI WATSON
Pencils—HECTOR GOMEZ
Inks—SANDU FLOREA
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—JANICE CHIANG

FOOD CHAIN PART I 179

Title Page—RANDY GREEN with
TIM TOWNSEND & GUY MAJOR

Script—CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
Pencils—CHRISTIAN ZANIER
Inks—SANDU FLOREA
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—JANICE CHIANG

PLAY WITH FIRE. 203

Title Page—RANDY GREEN with
ANDY OWENS &
GUY MAJOR

Script—CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
Pencils—HECTOR GOMEZ
Inks—SANDU FLOREA
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—CLEM ROBINS

FOOD CHAIN PART II 213

Title Page—CHRISTIAN ZANIER &
GUY MAJOR

Script—CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
Pencils—CHRISTIAN ZANIER
Pencil Assists—MARVIN MARIANO &
DRAXHALL JUMP
Inks—CURTIS P. ARNOLD with
JASON MINOR &
ANDY OWENS
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—AMADOR CISNEROS

THE FINAL CUT 237

Title Page—RANDY GREEN with
TIM TOWNSEND & GUY MAJOR

Script—ANDI WATSON
Layouts—JASON PEARSON
Pencils—CLIFF RICHARDS
Inks—JOE PIMENTEL
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—JANICE CHIANG

THE LATEST CRAZE 269

Title Page—CLIFF RICHARDS with
FABIO LAGUNA &
GUY MAJOR

Script—CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN &
TOM SNIEGOSKI
Pencils—CLIFF RICHARDS
Inks—JOE PIMENTEL
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—CLEM ROBINS

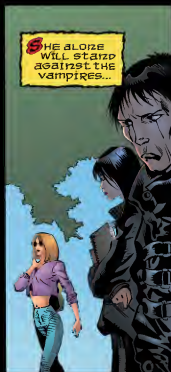
WU TANG FANG

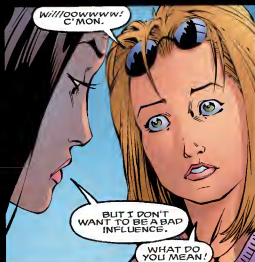
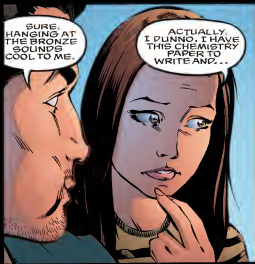
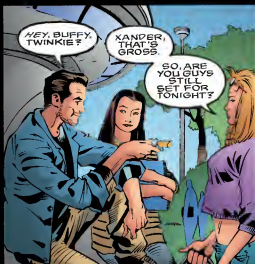




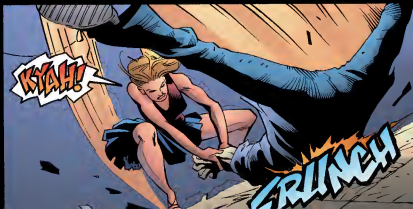
In EVERY GENERATION
THERE IS A CHOSEN ONE.

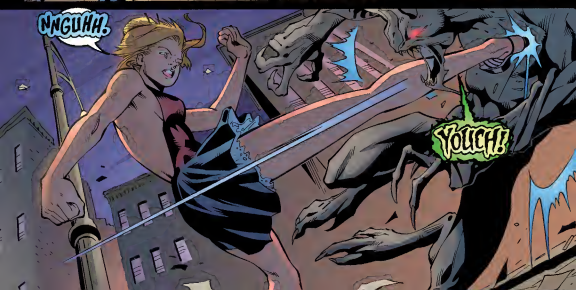


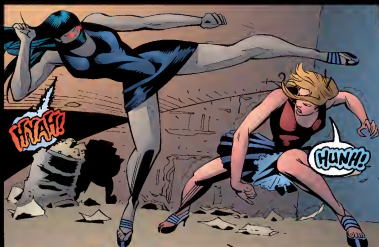
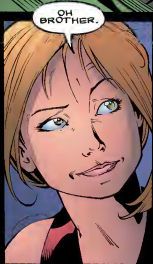














WHO ARE YOU?



CHICKEN!



XANDER, ARE YOU OKAY? ANYTHING BROKEN?

ONE NIGHT OF FUN'S NOT GONNA KILL ANYONE, huh? HOW ABOUT SERIOUSLY MAIM?



YOUR EVERYDAY, THREATENING GUY WITH STRAW MAT ON HIS HEAD SITUATION?

WHAT WAS THAT CREEP'S PROBLEM?



WE'LL WATCH
"THE TRUTH
ABOUT CATS
AND DOGS"
FIRST.



"BLECH." HOW
ABOUT "BLOOD
FIST WARRIORS
OF THE HARVEST
MOON"?



YEAH, ONLY
IN THIS, I DON'T
GET MY BUTT
KICKED. C'MON, OZ,
BACK ME UP ON
THIS... CHICK
CLICK OR
CHOCK-BOCKY
MAYHEM?

DIDN'T
WE JUST
LIVE THAT
LAST
NIGHT?



ALSO,
SHOULDN'T
YOU TALK
TO GILES
ABOUT
THE "STRAW
HAT"
INCIDENT?

WHAT'S THE HURRY?
HE'LL ONLY MAKE ME
PUNCH BAGS IN
THE LIBRARY FOR
TWELVE HOURS
STRAIGHT.



INSTEAD,
I'M HERE
WITH YOU
GUYS.



I THINK
JENEANE
GARAFALO
IS REALLY
CUTE, SO...

YOU
DO?



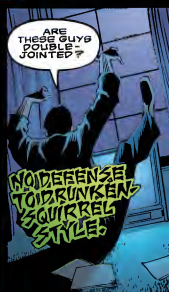
WHO?!



WELL, WE'RE JUST
GONNA HAVE TO WATCH
"HARVEST FIST THROUGH
THE BLOOD TRANSPLANT."
OR WHATEVER.

GREAT.

OZ, YOU SO NEED
A TESTOSTERONE
TRANSPLANT.





ARE YOU LADIES
SLEEPING OR
TRAINING? PAIR UP
FOR SPARRING.
I WANT TO SEE YOU
ALL WORK 'TIL YOU
SWEAT TEARS.

KI-YAH!

HUFF-
PUFF!

NEW KID, SPAR WITH
ME. YOU NEED A KICK IN
THE BUTT. DID YOU SIGN
THE INJURY-WAIVER
FORMS?

STAND
UP STRAIGHT,
CANDY-BOY!

YES,
SIR.

YOU'RE TRAINING
TO BE A WARRIOR,
NOT AN ACCOUNTANT!
A WARRIOR TRAINS LIKE
HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON IT,
AS THOUGH EVERY KICK
MIGHT BE HIS LAST
KICK!

IF YOU
WANT A MILD
WORKOUT, BUY
YOURSELF SOME
TIGHTS AND DO
AEROBICS. HERE
YOU LEARN TO
FIGHT WITH
HONOR AND DIE
WITH HONOR.



IF YOU'RE AT TACKED BY
THREE DIRTBAG JUNKIES ON
THE STREET ARMED WITH
BOTTLES AND KNIVES AND YOU
KNOW YOU'RE GONNA DIE,
WHAT DO YOU DO?

ASK IF
THEY'LL TAKE
MASTERCARD?



NO, WISE GUY.
YOU DON'T WET
YOUR PANTS, PEP
TO YOUR KNEES, AND
BLUB AND WHINE FOR
MERCY, YOU
SUBURBAN WUSS.

THIS IS
THE REAL WORLD
ON THE STREETS
YOU GET ATTACKED
AND TAKE ONE OF
THOSE DIRTBAGS WITH
YOU. THAT'S HOW YOU
BECOME A WARRIOR.

NOW BOW
TO ME AND
FIGHT!



KI-YAH!

UNGHT!



YUURG!

SKRASH



SOMEONE GET THIS POOFUS
A BROOM TO CLEAR UP
HIS MESS.

ON THE DOUBLE!



WHO DIED?

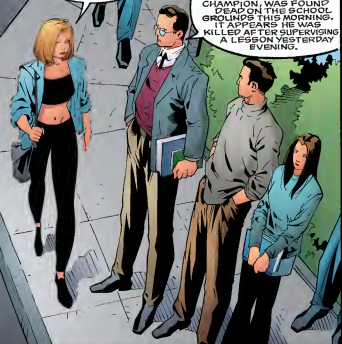
HOW DID YOU
KNOW THERE
HAD BEEN
A MURDER?

D'UH!
WE'RE THE SCHOOL
ON TOP OF
THE HELLMOUTH.
WE HAVE MORE
DEATHS THAN
FIRE DRILLS!

REALLY, BUFFY. THIS IS
NO TIME FOR FLIPPANCY.
LLOYD MOPANO,
THE SCHOOL KARATE
CHAMPION, WAS FOUND
DEAD ON THE SCHOOL
GROUNDS THIS MORNING.
IT APPEARS HE WAS
KILLED AFTER SUPERVISING
A LESSON YESTERDAY
EVENING.

LLOYD?
WHAT
ENEMIES
WOULD HE
POSSIBLY
HAVE?

THE BLOODSUCKING KIND.
THE CARETAKER WHO
FOUND HIM NOTICED TWO
MARKS "LIKE HICKEYS"
ON LLOYD'S NECK.



NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IT
SEEMS LIKE HE HAD BEEN
IN SOME FORM OF MARTIAL
FIGHT. HE WAS BAREFOOT
AND HAD LESIONS ALL
OVER HIS BODY.



SOMEWHAT
LIKE
XANDER'S
FACE.

HEY, I DIDN'T
KILL ANYONE.
UH, A
BOOKCASE
FELL ON ME.



IF YOU KEEP
INSISTING
ON REACHING
FOR THE TOP-
SHELF
MATERIAL...

YOU'RE GETTING
OUR ROLES ALL
MIXED UP HERE. I
PUN, YOU
FIGHT.

YES, BUT IF
WE COULD
KEEP OUR
ATTENTION
ON THE
PROBLEM
AT HAND.



DON'T YOU THINK
IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU TOLD GILES
ABOUT THE OTHER
NIGHT, BUFFY?

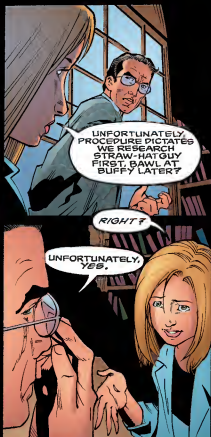
WHAT
OTHER
NIGHT?



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS "STRAW HAT" INCIDENT SOONER?

BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D BE MAD THAT I WASN'T TRAINING.

BUFFY, I DO NOT ENSURE YOU TRAIN HARD FOR MY OWN SADISTIC PLEASURE. AS THE WATCHER, MY RESPONSIBILITY IS TO HAVE YOU PREPARED FOR SITUATIONS SUCH AS THESE.



UNFORTUNATELY, PROCEDURE DICTATES WE RESEARCH STRAW-HAT GUY FIRST, BAWL AT BUFFY LATER?

RIGHT?

UNFORTUNATELY, YES.



YESSSS!



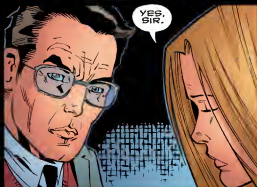
NOW, WILLOW, YOU SCAN THE ANCIENT CHINESE TRANSLATIONS, XANDER. CONSULT THE JAPANESE TEXTS. I'LL TRAWL THE GENERAL VAMPIRE LORE, SEE IF IT MENTIONS SOME KIND OF BOXING VAMPIRE.

THE SPORT'S REALLY GONE DOWN THE TUBES SINCE THAT EAR-BITING INCIDENT, HUH?

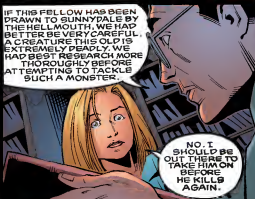
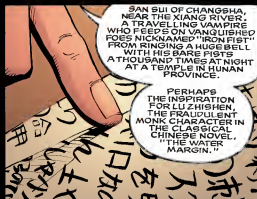
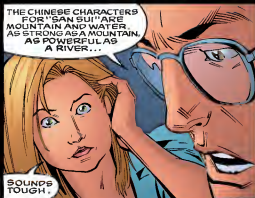
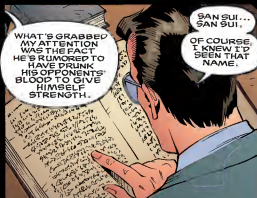


BUFFY, PRACTICE BASIC TECHNIQUES. A HUNDRED REPETITIONS. YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY BEEN AVOIDING THE FUNDAMENTALS.

CAN'T I JUST WRITE "I AM BAD" A HUNDRED TIMES ON THE BLACKBOARD INSTEAD?



YES, SIR.





XANDER, HOLD ON.

I'M KINDA
IN A HURRY,
BUFFY.

YOU NEVER
TOLD ME
WHAT REALLY
HAPPENED TO
YOUR EYE. IS
EVERYTHING
OKAY?



EVERYTHING
IS FINE. LIKE I
TOLD YOU.
A SHELF
FELL ON IT.

I GOTTA ADMIT
IT SOUNDS SO
UNLIKELY THAT
IT COULD
BE TRUE.

BUT...IF
SOMEONE'S
PICKING ON
YOU, AND--



BUFFY! I'M
FINE. REALLY.
I CAN TAKE
CARE OF
MYSELF.



BESIDES, ISN'T
THERE A BIG BITEY
GUY YOU SHOULD BE
WORRYING ABOUT?



...AND, OW,
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR EYE?



PERFEFF?
WHY?

I'M LEARNING
KARATE,
THIS PLACE
DOWNTOWN. THE
SENSEI IS PRETTY
INTENSE. OKAY?



COZ. I'M SICK OF
HAVING MY BUTT
KICKED ALL
THE TIME.

I HEARD ABOUT
THE KARATE BOY
BUYING THE FARM.
BUT I GUESS YOU
KNOW ALL ABOUT
THAT, HUH?
WEIRDNESS AND
DISASTER ARE AS
COMMON AS BAD-
HAIR DAYS TO
YOU GUYS.







OKAY, MAN. YOU GOT ME BEAT. THAT'S IT, I DON'T WANT NO MORE. JUST LET ME GO, MAN. I SWEAR I WON'T TELL THE COPS! SNIFF!

YOU DISHONOR YOURSELF, YOUR STUDENTS, AND YOUR TEACHER BY ACTING THIS WAY.

I DON'T WANNA DIE. JUST LET ME GO.

PLEASE!

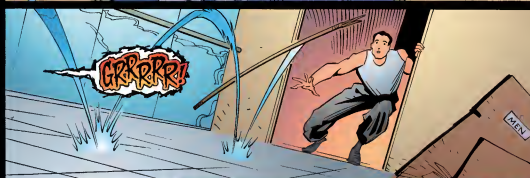
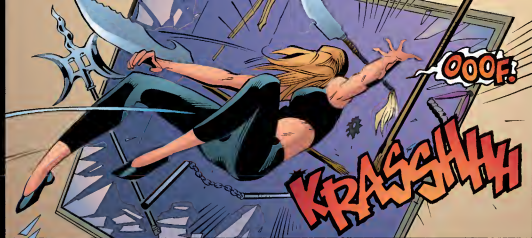


AWEEEE

N' I FELL FOR ALL
THAT DIE-LIKE-
A- WARRIOR CRAP
I'VE SEEN CLOWNS
FALL OFF
THEIR BIKES WITH
MORE HONOR.

GRRRRRR

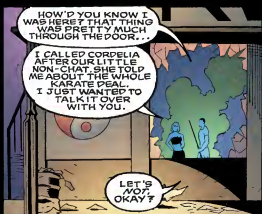






EWWW.
GROSS.
ICKY
VAMPIRE
STUFF.

?KOFF, KOFF:-
I'VE GOTTA CUT DOWN
TO ONE A WEEK--
THIS VAMPIRE HABIT'S
KILLING ME.



HOW'D YOU KNOW I
WAS HERE? THAT THING
WAS PRETTY MUCH
THROUGH THE DOOR...

I CALLED CORDELIA
AFTER OUR LITTLE
NON-CHAT. SHE TOLD
ME ABOUT THE WHOLE
KARATE PAL.
I JUST WANTED TO
TALK IT OVER
WITH YOU.

LET'S
NOT,
OKAY?



WELL, YOU
KILLED IT!

I'M ALLOWED
TO BE THE HERO
OCCASIONALLY,
RIGHT?

YES, WELL... DON'T
MAKE A HABIT OF IT.
XANDER, THESE THINGS
ARE BEST LEFT TO
THE PROFESSIONALS.



I TELL YA,
BUFFY, IF I'M
GONNA FIGHT,
YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO PUN
BETTER.

UH, OKAY.
WHAT'S
A VAMPIRE'S
FAVORITE
SLUSHIE?

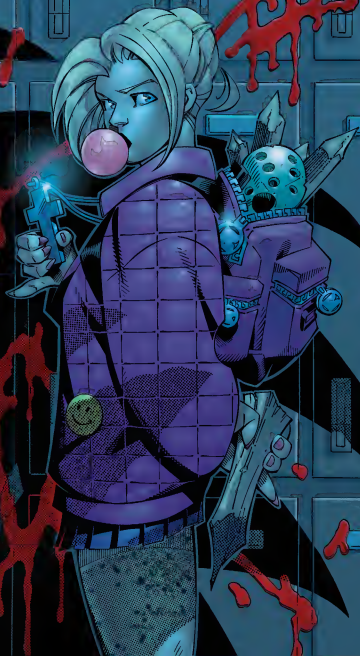
TYPE "O"
NEGATIVE.

OUCH.
STICK WITH
THE FIGHTING,
BUFFY!

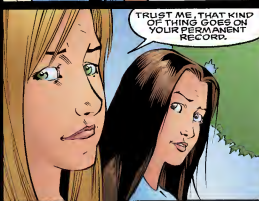
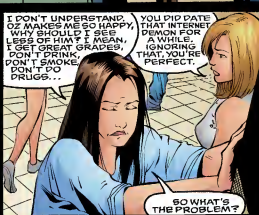
THE END.

HALLOWEEN

BACHAL & GOUNSENGE LOOMP!









WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW NIGHT?

IF ANYONE ASKS, YOU COULD SAY YOU'RE BACKING UP YOUR HARD DRIVE, BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

C'MON. SO WE BABY-SIT A BUNCH OF BRATS FOR ONE EVENING OF TRICK-OR-TREATING.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF A REPLAY OF LAST YEAR? OH YEAH... HELL MOUTH.



LET'S GET OUR STORIES STRAIGHT. I HAVE THAT ICKY RASH THAT COULD BE CONTAGIOUS...

DON'T WORRY, XANDER. IT'S ONLY HIGH-SCHOOL RUMORS... *OH MY GOSH*, THERE'S THE PRINCIPAL!



WE'RE JUST EAGERLY AWAITING ANOTHER DAY OF LEARNING, SIR.

DON'T PATRONIZE ME. I WANT YOU ALL TO BE PURPOSEFULLY OCCUPIED ON HALLOWEEN.

SO YOU *WILL* SIGN UP AS "GOOD KID GUIDES" AND SUPERVISE A GROUP OF CHILDREN AS THEY TRICK-OR-TREAT.



STAYING OUT OF TROUBLE, SUMMERS?



Y-YES, SIR.



WAY TO GO, BUFF.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D REGRET REFUSING CORDELIA'S INVITE TO A LONG WEEKEND AT THE AEROBICS AND HAIR-CARE EXPO.



FINALLY GOT
THOSE OLD
T.V. GUIDES
YOU ORDERED?

ACTUALLY
BUFFY, IT'S
RESEARCH MATERIAL
CONCERNING
THE NECRONOMICON.
YOU DO RECALL
MY LECTURE ON
THE SUBJECT,
I HOPE.

AIRPORT-
LOUNGE
BESTSELLER?
MOVIE
ADAPTATION IN
DEVELOPMENT
STARRING
LEONARDO
DICAPRIO?

BUFFY, YOU
MUST LEARN TO
STOP SCOFFING
AT THE DARKEST
SECRETS OF
THE UNIVERSE.

IT'S MY AMBITION
TO BRING A LITTLE
SUNSHINE
TO THE SLAYER
PROFESSION. DECAPITATION
WITH A SMILE.

{SIGH.}

LOATHE THOUGH
I AM TO TARNISH
YOUR CHEERY
DISPOSITION, I
HOPE YOU REMEMBER
TONIGHT IS A PATROL
NIGHT.

I'M AFRAID
YOUR
MILITARY-
PRECISION
SCHEDULING
HAS HIT
A SNAFU.

TONIGHT IS A LAST-MINUTE-
SCRAMBLE-TO-FINISH-HOMEWORK-
NIGHT--PATROL IS TOMORROW,
HALLOWEEN. DON'T TAKE IT TOO
HARD, EVEN STORMIN' NORMAN
MAKES THE OCCASIONAL MISTAKE.

ACTUALLY, PATROL NIGHT HAS BEEN
SWITCHED DUE TO HALLOWEEN.

NOT FAIR! HALLOWEEN'S
THE QUIETEST NIGHT OF
THE YEAR, BLOODSUCKER-
WISE. ANGEL CALLS IT
"AMATEUR NIGHT."

WHICH IS WHY
AN EXTRA VIGILANT
PATROL IS IN ORDER
TONIGHT.

PATROL
TONIGHT.
GOOD-KID
GUIDE TOMORROW.
WHERE CAN I FIT
DECENT GRAPES
INTO ALL THIS?



I'M SEEING
HIM TONIGHT
AND YOU CAN'T
STOP ME!

WHEN
WILL YOU
BE HOME?

COME
BACK HERE,
YOUNG
LADY!

**STOMP
STOMP
STOMP**



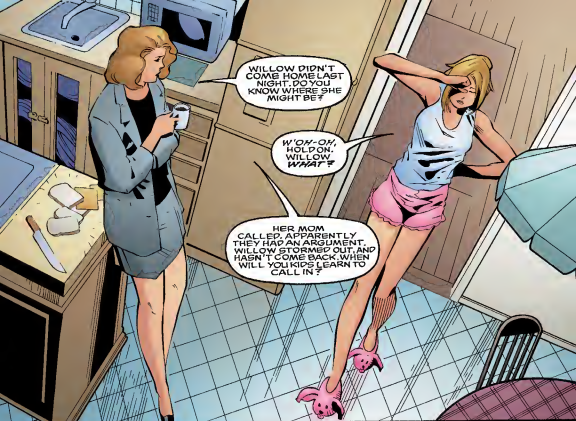
SLAM!



SOB SOB



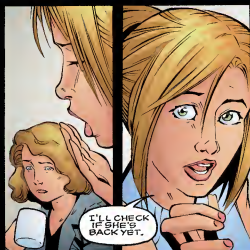




WILLOW DIDN'T
COME HOME LAST
NIGHT. DO YOU
KNOW WHERE SHE
MIGHT BE?

W'OH-OH,
HOLD ON.
WILLOW
WHAT?

HER MOM
CALLED, APPARENTLY
THEY HAD AN ARGUMENT.
WILLOW STORMED OUT, AND
HASN'T COME BACK. WHEN
WILL YOU KIDS LEARN TO
CALL IN?



I'LL CHECK
IF SHE'S
BACK YET.



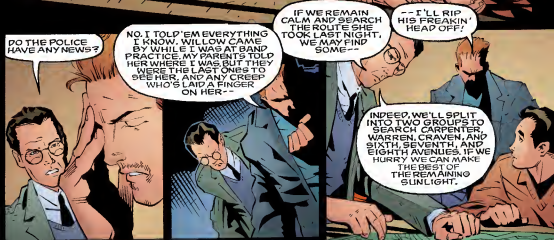
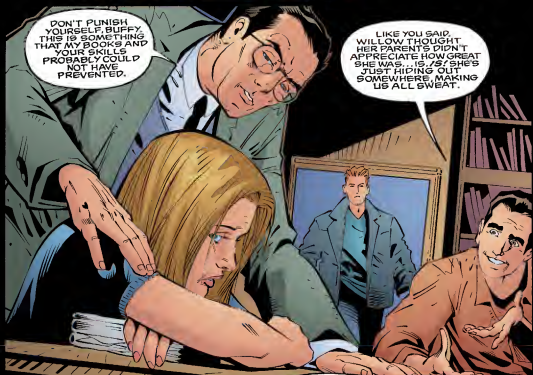
I JUST SPOKE TO
HER MOTHER. SHE'S
OUT OF HER MIND
WITH WORRY.
WILLOW DOESN'T
SEEM LIKE
THE RUNAWAY
TYPE.



I PRAY
SHE HASN'T
BEEN
ABDUCTED,
OR...



MOM,
DON'T!





IF HER PARENTS
HADN'T GIVEN
HER SUCH A HARD TIME
ABOUT OZ, THIS WOULD
NEVER HAVE HAPPENED.
I MEAN, REALLY, WILLOW'S
A DREAM KID.

IT'S UNFORTUNATE
FOR HER PARENTS,
BECAUSE THEY WILL BE
THINKING EXACTLY THE SAME
THING. THEY'LL ALSO
BE FEELING A THOUSAND
TIMES THE GUILT
AND WORRY.

MAYBE YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN, GILES.

HIGH SCHOOL
IS HELL. YOUR LIFE
IS RULED BY GRADES,
TESTS, AND SCORES.
YOU'RE CONSTANTLY
BEING COMPARED TO
OTHERS, WITH YOUR FAILURES
JUDGED AND
BROADCASTED.

MMMM. YOUR THESIS OF
"SCHOOL AS HUMAN ZOO" DOES
CONTAIN A KERNEL OF TRUTH, IF
A LITTLE OVER-DRAMATIZED. WHAT
YOU FAIL TO MENTION IS THAT YOU
HAVE THE BEST OF FRIENDS TO
SHARE THE TRIALS.

GILES!
THIS IS
WILLOW'S
BAG!

IT ALSO LOOKS LIKE
A VEHICLE HAS
ACCELERATED AWAY
AT SPEED.

... SO SHE
DIDN'T
RUN AWAY.

SHE WAS
TAKEN.



IS THAT COSTUME
A STABAT
IRONY?

HEY VAMPS
SEEM TO GET
ALL THE CHICKS. IF
YOU CAN'T BEAT
'EM, JOIN 'EM.

IF WE'RE GONNA
DO THIS, LET'S AT
LEAST BE SERIOUS
ABOUT SEARCHING
FOR WILLOW.

RIGHT, WE
WOULDN'T BE
DOING THIS
WITHOUT THE
SUBTEXT
REMEMBER TO
KEEP IN
CONTACT WITH
GILES WHILE
HE'S OUT
IN HIS CAR.



ALL RIGHT, KIDS!
KEEP
CLOSE.

LISTEN UP,
LITTLE HOOLIGANS.
I'M THE BOSS, SO I
GET A TWENTY-
PERCENT CUT OF
ALL YOUR CANDY.

AWWWWWW.



YOU GUYS BE
CAREFUL OUT
THERE. I DON'T
WANT ANYMORE
OF MY FRIENDS
MISSING.



SAY THANK
YOU, KIDS.

AREN'T THEY JUST
ADORABLE.

THANK
YOU, KIDS.
- WAR
HART!



OH, BROTHER. IT'S
GONNA BE
A LONG NIGHT.





WHY WOULD A DESERTED HOUSE HAVE A CAR?



OH MY.



C'MON, KIDS. PARTY'S OVER. YOU'RE GOIN' HOME.



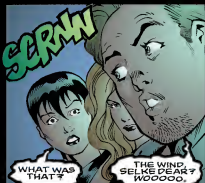
NO FAIR. YOU DIDN'T KNOCK ON THE DOOR. THAT WAS THE DEAL.



EVERYTHING COOL?

JUST SOME BRATS. PARTY'S STILL ON.





WHAT WAS THAT?

THE WIND, SELKE DEAR? WOOOOO.

COULD BE OUR MOVEABLE FEAST.

SHE'S IN THE BASEMENT, HART. THAT CAME FROM UPSTAIRS.

WE COULD HAVE A BITE NOW.

I'M NOT HUNGRY, YET. BESIDES, WE HAVE ALL NIGHT.

DO I HAVE TO GO UP THERE AND CHECK FOR MYSELF.



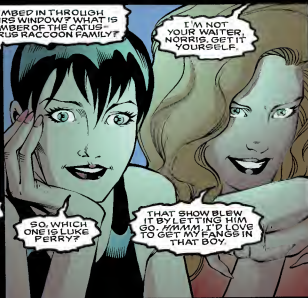
ALL RIGHT, ALREADY, SWEETIE, I'LL GO.

IT'S PROBABLY ONLY A RACCOON.

THAT CLIMBED IN THROUGH THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW? WHAT IS IT? A MEMBER OF THE CATS-
BURGULARUS RACCOON FAMILY?

WHEN YOU'RE DONE, GO DOWN AND BRING US A SNACK.

ARE WE EVER GONNA WATCH ONE OF THESE MOVIES?



I'M NOT YOUR WAITER, NORRIS. GET IT YOURSELF.

SO, WHICH ONE IS LUKE PERRY?

THAT SHOW BLEW IT BY LETTING HIM GO. HMM. I'D LOVE TO GET MY FANGS IN THAT BOY.



















SO, YEAH, I'M BASICALLY GROUNDED FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS. I FIGURE IF I WORK ON IT, I MIGHT GET PAROLE EARLY NEXT CENTURY.

WHAT DID YOU TELL YOUR FOLKS?

THAT I WENT TO THE FORTY-EIGHT-HOUR HORROR MOVIE FESTIVAL.

URRR...



WHAT'S WITH XANDER?

CANDY OVERPOSE.

Ugh! NEVER AGAIN.

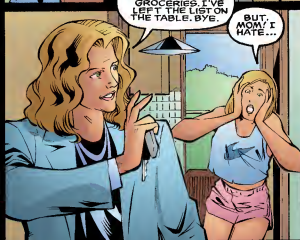
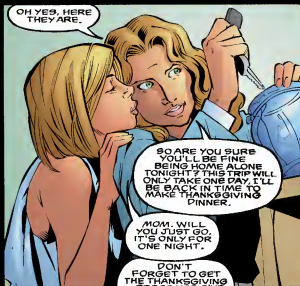
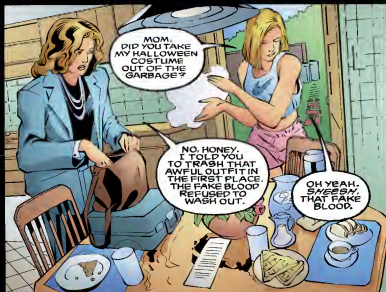
The End.

Cold Turkey











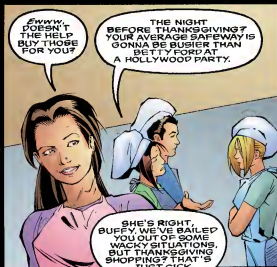


OH, MARTHA! HOW COULD YOU LET ME DOWN. I NEVER BELIEVED THOSE RUMORS!

HOW SYMBOLIC.

SO WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS IS GONNA VOLUNTEER TO HELP ME OUT WITH THE SHOPPING?

DID SOMEONE SAY SHOPPING? THAT IS 9000 WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW.



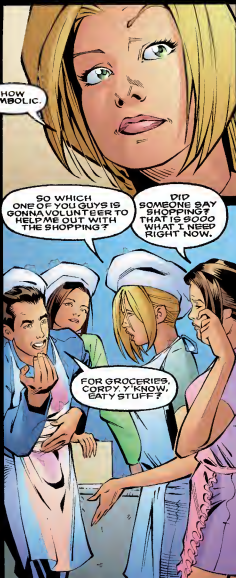
EWWW, DOESN'T THE HELP BUY THOSE FOR YOU?

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING? YOUR AVERAGE SAFEWAY IS GONNA BE BUSIER THAN BETTY FORD AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY.

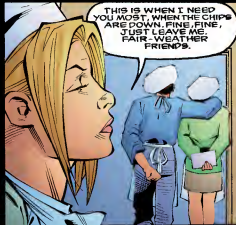
SHE'S RIGHT, BUFFY, WE'VE BAILED YOU OUT OF SOME WACKY SITUATIONS, BUT THANKSGIVING SHOPPING? THAT'S JUST SICK.



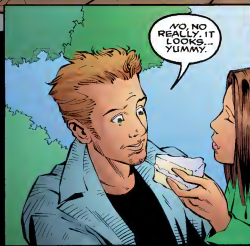
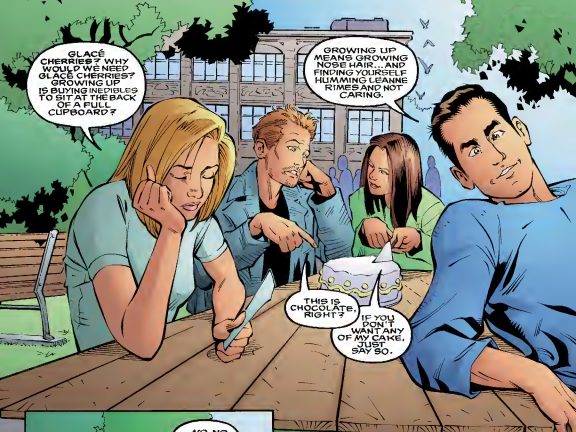
SORRY, BUFFY.

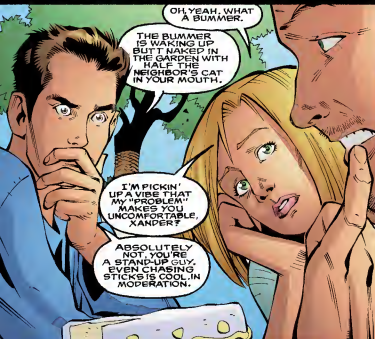


FOR GROCERIES, CORDY. Y' KNOW, EATY STUFF?



THIS IS WHEN I NEED YOU MOST, WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN. FINE, FINE, JUST LEAVE ME, FAIR - WEATHER FRIENDS.





I STILL HAVE A NAGGING FEELING OF A LACK OF CLOSURE.

I COULDN'T FIND THE REMAINS OF THAT FOURTH VAMP IN THE 'BURBS.

I'VE BEEN MEANING TO DISCUSS THAT VERY INCIDENT-- I MUST INSIST YOU CALL IN BEFORE HURLING YOURSELF INTO SUCH A POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS SITUATION.

ERR GILES NEWSFLASH!

THE WHOLE SLAYER DEAL IS "POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS." I SAVED THE GOOD GUYS, IMPALED THE BAD GUYS. NO PROBS.

BACK, BUP GO-HUR.

I SUPPOSE CHEWING GUM AND PAYING ATTENTION WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR MTV BRAIN TO PROCESS.

WHAT IF THERE HAD BEEN "PROBS"? I WASN'T AWARE OF YOUR LOCATION AND WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PROVIDE BACK-UP HAD YOU BEEN IN TROUBLE.

YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLING ME THAT YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE AROUND TO BAIL ME OUT FOREVER, GILES.

I HAVE TO LEARN TO LOOK AFTER--

MEDIEVAL SURVIVALIST MONTHLY

CHECK THIS OUT: A REPLICA GOUFILLON FLAIL FOR ONLY \$399.95 (PLUS POSTAGE AND PACKAGING). CAN I HAVE ONE? THUM? CAN I?

HOWESTZY, BUFFY. YOU ORDER THESE PRODUCTS, PRACTICE WITH THEM FOR A MORNING AND THEN CAST THEM ASIDE IN FAVOR OF A PIECE OF KINDLING. WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU USED YOUR HIPPE?



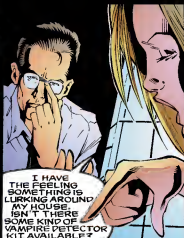
...NEVER
GET TO HAVE
ANY FUN.



SO
WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK
A VAMPIRE
ESCAPED?

IT'S JUST
A HUNCH. I
COULDN'T FIND
ANY SIGNS OF
DUST AND,
WELL...THIS
MIGHT SOUND
PARANOID.

GO
ON.



I HAVE
THE FEELING
SOMETHING IS
LURKING AROUND
MY HOUSE.
ISN'T THERE
SOME KIND OF
VAMPIRE DETECTOR
KIT AVAILABLE?



UNFORTUNATELY,
THE PATENT'S
PENDING.

YOU ARE CERTAIN
THE CREATURE WAS
SERIOUSLY INJURED?

THERE WAS
BLOOD ALL OVER
THE WIFE-CLEAN
FITTED WORK
SURFACES.

SO, WHY
ARE VAMPIRE
BLOOD STAINS
IMPOSSIBLE TO
WIPE OUT?

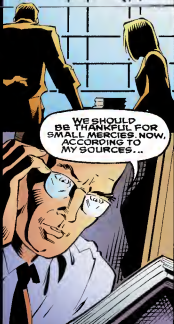


I DON'T KNOW, BUFFY. THEY
ARE DEMONIC CREATURES
WHO FEED ON THE LIFE
BLOOD OF THE INNOCENT.
THEY HAVE NO RESPECT
FOR CLEAN LAUNDRY.

IS THERE
NO END TO THEIR
WICKEDNESS?

WELL, THEY
DID NOT INVENT
INFOMERCIALS.

THAT'S TRUE. EVEN
VAMPS HAVE THEIR
SELF-RESPECT.



WE SHOULD
BE THANKFUL FOR
SMALL MERCIES NOW,
ACCORDING TO
MY SOURCES...



"WHEN HELL GAPES
TO WELCOME
THE DAMNED."

"THE CURS'ED WILL
CREEP UNTO ITS LAIR,
'TIL DISSOLVED
THE INCESSANT PAIN."

"FEARING THE STARE
OF NATURE'S EYE, FOR
NE'ER CAN DIE..."

"... BUT SUFFER
THE THOUSAND
TORTURES OF
THIRST, 'TIL
BULLIED FLESH
IS RENEWED."

"WHAT SOURCE
IS THAT GILLES?
MOTLEY CRUE'S
LYRIC SHEET?"



...SO IS
OZ SAFELY
BEHIND
BARS?

UH-HUH. GILES
LOCKED HIM INTO
THE LIBRARY
BOOKCASE.



OZ DREW THE LINE
AT BEING MUZZLED,
THOUGH. KANDER'S IDEA,
NATURALLY. SO, ARE YOU
OKAY ALONE IN
THE HOUSE OR IS
INSOMNIA THE REASON
FOR CALLING ME
THIS LATE?

ACTUALLY, I'M
TRYING TO STAY
AWAKE. I FIGURE IF
I SHOP IN THE A.M.
THEN THE AISLES'LL
BE DESERTED.



ANY SIGN OF
YOUR PHANTOM
STALKER?

I'M NOT
STRESSED BY
A SINGLE VAMP
DOPING THE STAKE.
THE CREEPER IS
PROBABLY
SHRIVELLING UP
LIKE A RAISIN AS
WE SPEAK.



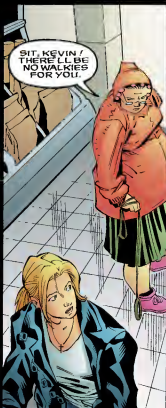
Mmmmm. NO
NIGHTMARES FOR
ME TONIGHT.

SORRY,
G'NIGHT.

HAPPY
GROCERY
SHOPPING.











I'LL BE SERVING.
AS MY FAMILY
APPEARS TO BE
WITHOUT LUMBS
RIGHT NOW.

WELCOME,
YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME FOR
THANKSGIVING
DINNER.

Ooooooh.

A GIRL WANTS
TO BE TAKEN OUT
TO DINNER NOW
AND AGAIN BUT I
EXPECT RITZIER
PECOR.

REMEMBER
ME? OR WERE
MY FRIENDS AND
JUST ONE
OF YOUR MANY
SLASHER-
MASSACRE
EVENINGS?

THIS IS
A ONE-STARBUCKS
TOWN. YOU GOTTA
MAKE Y'ROWN
ENTERTAINMENT.

DIDN'T YOUR MOM
BRING YOU UP
RIGHT? YOU LEFT
YOUR BLOOD ALL
OVER THE KITCHEN.

I'M SORRY, HONEY,
I APPEAR TO HAVE
LEFT THE GIBLETS
IN THE TURKEY.

I'LL DISEMBOWEL
IT RIGHT AWAY.





DIDN'T
RECOVER
MUCH OF
YOUR BUDDY,
huh?



I THINK
YOU COULD HAVE
SPRUNG FOR
A BETTER URN.
CHEAP PLASTIC
SHOWS A LACK
OF RESPECT.











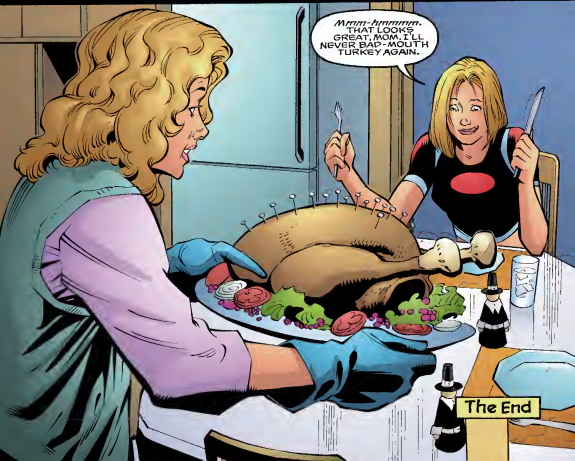


KOFF, KOFF,
SPLUTTER.



WOW, I WAS
ALMOST TOAST!

YOU MAY MAKE
ME LOOK LIKE
A BAD LADY, BUT
I LOVE YOU,
GROCERY CART.



Mmm-hmmmm.
THAT LOOKS
GREAT, MOM. I'LL
NEVER BAD-MOUTH
TURKEY AGAIN.

The End

Dance With Me



It isn't supposed to be like this.

There's a Dance at Sunnydale High tonight.

Any other girl would be there laughing, gossiping, dancing.

WOW, A PULSE. THAT'S DIFFERENT. MUST HAVE INTERRUPTED SOMEBODY'S MIDNIGHT SNACK.

But, much as she'd like to be... much as it pains her... Buffy Summers isn't like other girls. She's the Chosen One.

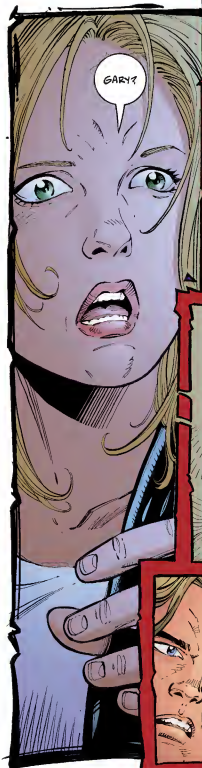
I KNEW YOU'D COME... MAYBE IT'S A PSYCHIC THING...

She's the Vampire Slayer.

...MAYBE IT'S THE TRAIL OF CORPSES I'VE BEEN LEAVING YOU.

SO, WHAT DO YOU SAY? CHANGED YOUR MIND? MAYBE NOW YOU'LL DANCE WITH ME.

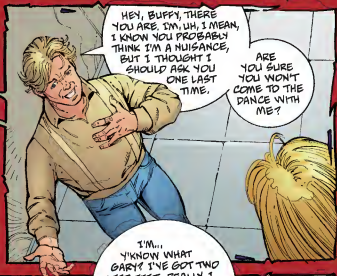
Dance with Me



SO, BUFFY,
HOW MANY
TIMES HAS
GARY ASKED
YOU TO
THE DANCE
NOW?

SEVEN.
I THINK HE'S
GOING FOR A
RECORD. GOTTA
GIVE HIM
CREDIT FOR
TRYING.

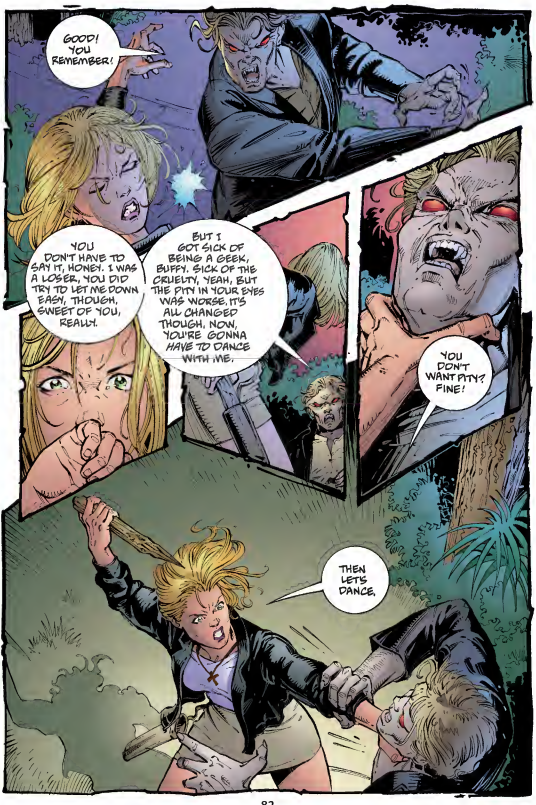
YEAH.
"A" FOR EFFORT.
HE'LL PASS THE
ENTRANCE EXAM FOR
STALKER SCHOOL WITH
FLYING COLORS. GOODD THAT
YOU GUYS THINK IT'S CUTE,
THOUGH, 'CAUSE HERE
COMES NUMBER
EIGHT. HAVE FUN,
BUFFY...



I'M...
Y'KNOW WHAT
GARY? I'VE GOT TWO
LEFT FEET. REALLY, I
I DON'T DANCE. PEOPLE
WERE HOSPITALIZED LAST
TIME I TRIED, AND...
I'M JUST NOT VERY
SOCIAL.

I'M
SORRY.





GOOD!
YOU
REMEMBER!

YOU
DON'T HAVE TO
SAY IT, HONEY. I WAS
A LOSER, YOU DID
TRY TO LET ME DOWN
EASY, THOUGH,
SWEET OF YOU,
REALLY.

BUT I
GOT SICK OF
BEING A GEEK,
BUFFY. SICK OF THE
CRUELTY, YEAH, BUT
THE PITY IN YOUR EYES
WAS WORSE. IT'S
ALL CHANGED
THOUGH, NOW,
YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO DANCE
WITH ME.

YOU
DON'T
WANT PITY?
FINE!

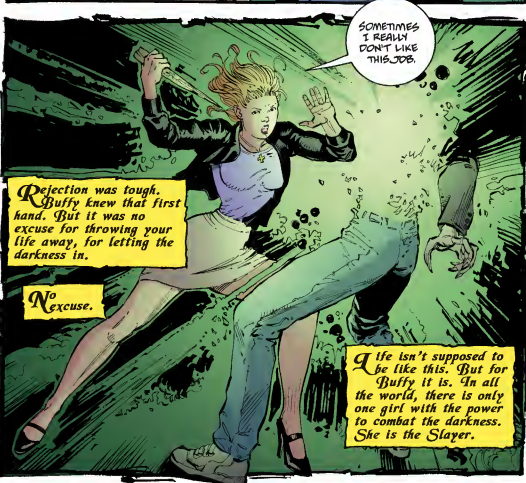
THEN
LET'S
DANCE.



ONE
DANCE.

Buffy wanted to go to the dance. As the Slayer, she had a duty to attend to. But if the right guy had asked...she might have gone.

Gary wasn't the guy.



SOMETIMES
I REALLY
DON'T LIKE
THIS JOB.

Rejection was tough. Buffy knew that first hand. But it was no excuse for throwing your life away, for letting the darkness in.

*No
excuse.*

Life isn't supposed to be like this. But for Buffy it is. In all the world, there is only one girl with the power to combat the darkness. She is the Slayer.



ZOINKS!
THAT GIRL
CAN
TANGO.

YOU
WANT
SOME
OF--



WHOA,
DOGGIES!
DOCTOR SAYS
IT'S TOO MUCH
CAFFEINE.

WE WERE
JUST KIND OF
THINKING, MAYBE
YOU COULD PACK
IT IN EARLY AND WE
COULD SWING BY
THE DANCE FOR
A... HEY, ARE YOU
OKAY?



NOT EVEN
CLOSE, BUT I
WILL BE. THAT
IS, IF XANDER
CAN KEEP UP
WITH US.

JUST
CALL ME
XANDER HARRIS,
DANCING
FOOL.

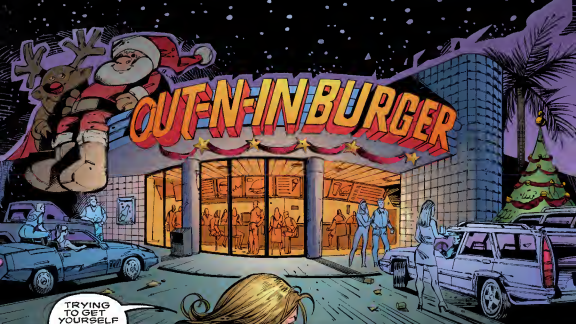
DON'T
WORRY
...WE
WILL.

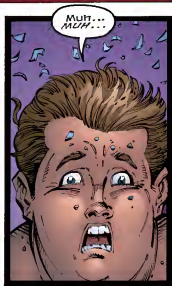
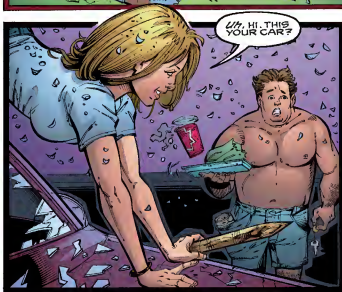
End

White Christmas









...I HAD TO
PAY FOR
THE DAMAGE.
DIDN'T I?

UNFORTUNATELY
THERE IS
NO SLAYER
INSURANCE
POLICY.

WELL,
THAT'S IT, I'M
WIPE OUT, BROKE,
POVERTY-STRICKEN,
DESTITUTE...

YES, YES.
I GET
THE IDEA.

WHY NOW SO CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS?
I HAVE PRESENTS TO BUY I NEED
A NEW OUTFIT FOR THE DANCE.

BUFFY, YOU
HAVE ENOUGH
CLOTHES TO DRESS
A SMALL NATION.
I'M SURE YOU CAN
FIND SOMETHING
TO WEAR.

GILES, IT'S A PARTY! I THOUGHT
YOU'D RESPECT ETIQUETTE. YOU
CAN'T WEAR AN OLD DRESS TO
A DANCE. MAYBE YOU WERE BORN
INTO TWEED PLAYERS - I, HOWEVER,
AT LEAST TRY TO KEEP UP WITH
CURRENT FASHIONS. THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING FOR IT.
I NEED A JOB.

ABSOLUTELY NOT!
I EXPRESSLY
FORBID IT.

I'VE FACED WORSE
HORRORS THAN
SUB-MINIMUM WAGE
FAST-FOOD
CORPORATIONS.

A SLAYER MUST
ALWAYS BE VIGILANT.
YOU... YOU CANNOT
POSTPONE BATTLING
EVIL TO DELIVER PIZZA.

THINK OF ALL
THE PIZZA-HUNGRY
PEOPLE, GILES. WHAT
ABOUT THE DANCE?
I CAN'T GO
WITHOUT SHOES!

I'VE STUDIED
THE SLAYER HANDBOOK
IN A DOZEN LANGUAGES
AND THERE IS NO MENTION
OF A DRESS CODE.
OBVIOUSLY A GLARING
OMISSION ON THEIR PART.
BUT PAST SLAYERS HAVE
GONE TO THE BALL IN
OLD GOWNS.

"I'M AFRAID IT'S ONE OF THOSE SMALL SACRIFICES YOU HAVE TO MAKE."

EVEN AFTER A COUPLE WEEKS I'M STILL NOT USED TO WEARING THESE THINGS.

IT'S COMPANY REGULATIONS.

I PRAY MY FRIENDS HAVEN'T SEEN ME.

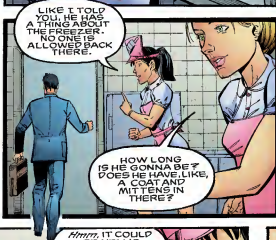
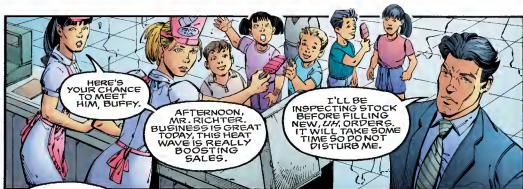
THEY'LL SEE YOU ALL RIGHT. THESE HATS ARE A BEACON. THE AMOUNT OF FINE LOOKING GUYS I'VE SOLD POPSICLES TO AND REALIZED I COULD NEVER DATE, NOT AFTER THEY'VE SEEN ME IN THIS CLOWN GET-UP.

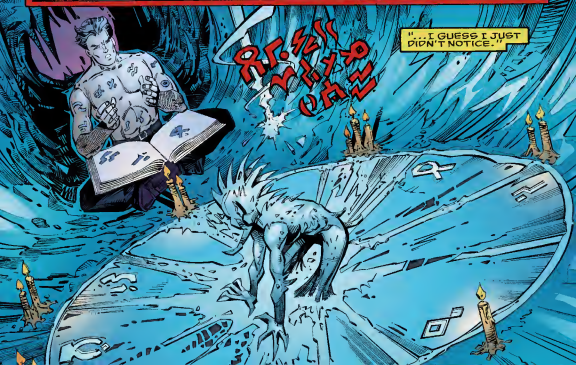
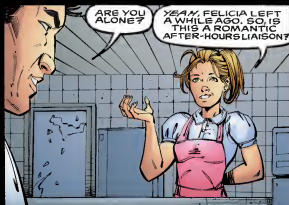
YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'VE BEEN THERE, DONE THAT, AND SUFFERED THE HUMILIATION ALREADY.

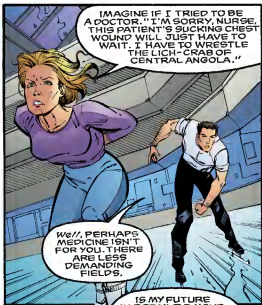
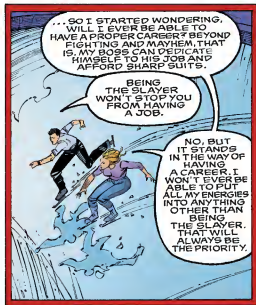
IT'S NOT SO BAD. THE NEW BOSS IS WEIRD BUT THE PAY IS, uh, okay.

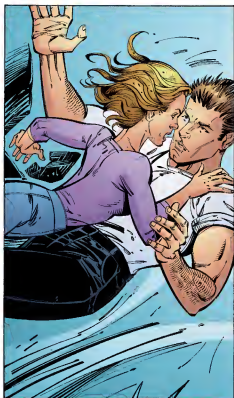
THE BOSS IS WEIRD, LIKE HOW?

HIS MIND ISN'T ON THE JOB AND HE OBSESSES ABOUT THE FREEZER. HE REALLY DOES NOT HAVE A CLUE ABOUT FAST-FOOD FRANCHISING. LUCKY FOR HIM, I'M RUNNING THE SHOW.









I'M SORRY,
BUFFY. I...

I KNOW,
I KNOW. IT'S
OKAY.

KERASHH!



HEE, HEE,
HEE.

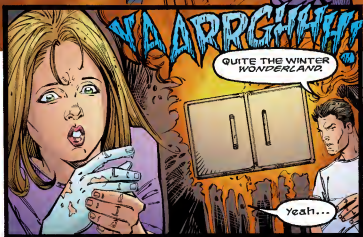
SOME KIND OF
DEMON THING.

PICKING
UP SOME
LAST-
MINUTE
GIFTS?



HURP!





"...HELL ON ICE."

I CAN SUMMON THE SMALL FRY. NEXT TIME WILL BE A CALL UP FROM THE BIG LEAGUE. THEN THERE'LL BE NO MORE OF THIS DEAD-END FRANCHISE SLAVERY. I'LL HAVE A DEMON IN MY THRALL TO EARN MY FORTUNE FOR ME...

...I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW ABOUT MY SUCKY EMPLOYMENT BECAUSE OF GILES. THE FROSTY GREMLIN BLEW THAT IDEA--I HAD TO INFORM GILES ABOUT THE WEIRD STUFF.

OH, SEE HOW HE STRUMS THE BAR CHORDS?

OF COURSE, HE WENT BALLISTIC. WELL, AS BALLISTIC AS GILES CAN. I MANAGED TO PERSUADE HIM TO LET ME KEEP THE JOB, AS A LOOKOUT FOR OTHER MALL MONSTERS. SO, GILES AND ANGEL SEARCH FOR INFO, AND I MANAGE TO SNEAK AWAY TO REST MY ACHING FEET...AND HEART.

THE WAY HE SQUINTS WHEN HE TUNES HIS GUITAR.

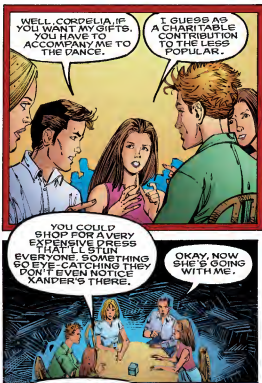
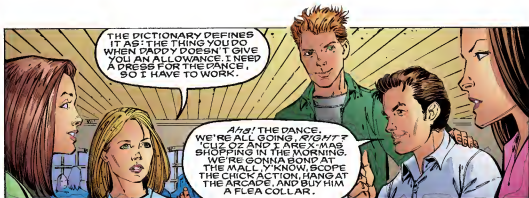
...AND THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED TO HAVE THE SECOND HEAD ATTACHED. IT WENT WELL FOR AWHILE, BUT I DISCOVERED I WAS TALKING TO MYSELF ALL THE TIME, LIKE I'M DOING NOW.

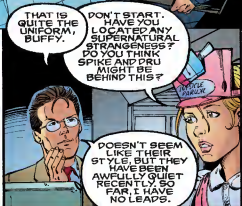
NO, NO. I'M LISTENING THE SECOND HEAD FROM THE MALL? I KNOW, THEY'RE SO EXPENSIVE.

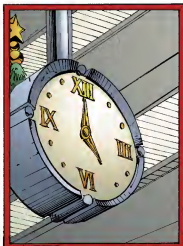
HEY, GUYS, WHUSSUP?

THE USUAL -- MY LIFE SUCKS AND WILL'S GA-GA OVER HER GUITAR HERO.

BUFFY HAS A JOB AT THE MALL. A WHAT?







I MADE IT. THE JOB IS FINALLY OVER.

DO YOU GET TO KEEP THE HAT?

'CUZ THAT'S QUITE AN ENSEMBLE YOU'VE GOT THERE. IT'D BE A SHAME TO BREAK IT UP.

DO YOU DO CHILDREN'S PARTIES?

OH, BOY. I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, YOU GUYS. NOW SCOOT, I'M ON IMPORTANT SLAYER BUSINESS.

KEEPING SUNNYDALE'S YOUNGSTERS COOL DURING THIS BRUTAL HEAT WAVE?

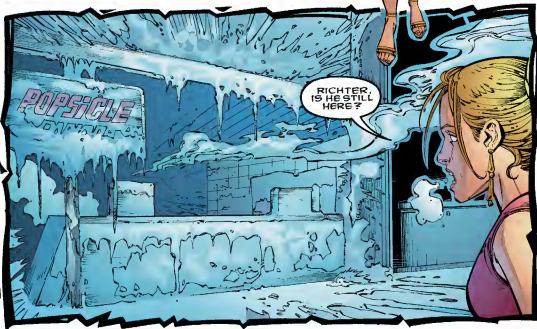
NO, I HAVE VITAL SHOPPING TO DO-- PRESENTS AND A DRESS TO BUY, Y'KNOW, WHAT REGULAR FOLKS DO?

GEE, THANKS A LOT, XANDER, FOR THAT VALUABLE INSIGHT. SURPRISINGLY, I DON'T WEAR CLOTHES ONLY TO IMPRESS GUYS.

BUFFY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WEAR NEW CLOTHES TO IMPRESS A GUY. I'D BE EXCITED TO SEE YOU IN A SACKCLOTH, UH, I MEAN...

LET'S BLOW THIS POPSICLE STAND, BEFORE YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH AGAIN.

Uh, OKAY. WE'LL CALL FOR YOU AT EIGHT.







IF YOU'RE THIRSTY FOR KNOWLEDGE, GO TO THE LIBRARY, NOT THE POPSCICLE FROM HELL.

CHRA-KRASH
YARRGNNN!

YOU LITTLE FOOL! YOU BROKE THE CIRCLE BEFORE I COULD BIND IT INTO MY SERVICE.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONE AWOL.

GRARRRRH!



I KNEW THERE WAS TROUBLE WHEN BUFFY WASN'T HOME— AFTER WE TOLD HER WE'D PICK HER UP AT EIGHT.

YOU WERE RIGHT TO WARN ME, EVEN IF YOU WERE ALREADY ON THE WAY TO THE DANCE.

BUFFY!

SOMEONE COULDN'T WAIT TO OPEN THEIR CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BUFFY! IT'S SOME FORM OF POWERFUL- ELEMENTAL! YOU MUST NEGATE THE SUMMONING INCANTATION!





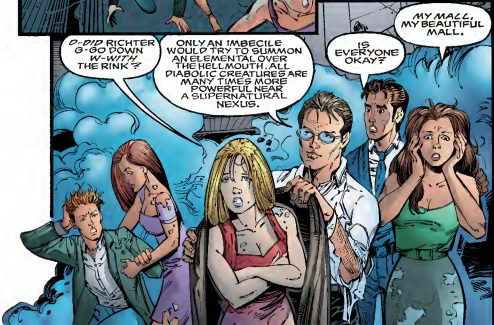


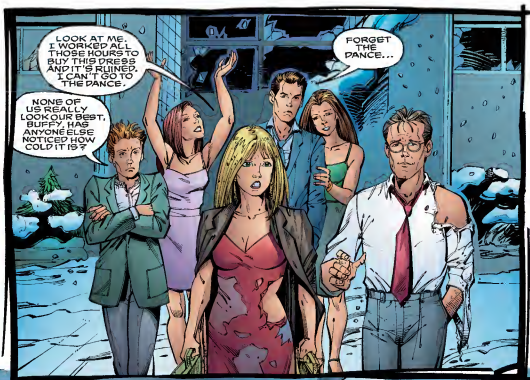
O-DID RICHTER
G-GO DOWN
W-WITH
THE RINK?

ONLY AN IMBECILE
WOULD TRY TO SUMMON
AN ELEMENTAL OVER
THE HELLMOUTH. ALL
DIABOLIC CREATURES ARE
MANY TIMES MORE
POWERFUL NEAR
A SUPERNATURAL
NEXUS.

IS
EVERYONE
OKAY?

MY MALL,
MY BEAUTIFUL
MALL.

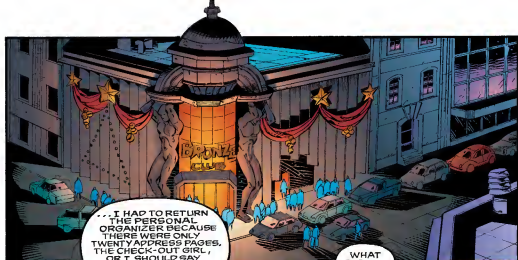




Happy New Year







... I HAD TO RETURN THE PERSONAL ORGANIZER BECAUSE THERE WERE ONLY TWENTY ADDRESS PAGES. THE CHECK-OUT GIRL, OR I SHOULD SAY CHECK-OUT HAG, WAS ALL "NO CASH REFUNDS"...

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

NOTHING... EXCEPT "BE CAREFUL, YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE HER ANGRY."

... I TOLD HER TWENTY PAGES MIGHT BE SUFFICIENT FOR HER, BUT FOR SOMEONE AS POPULAR AS MYSELF...

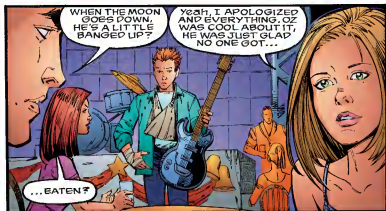
CORDELIA!

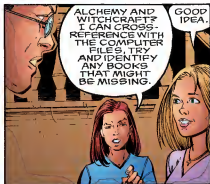
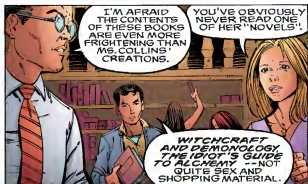
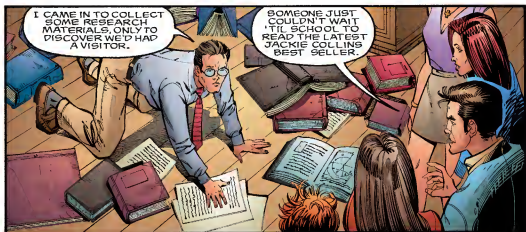
WE APPRECIATE THE RUN-DOWN ON THE POST-CHRISTMAS GIFT RETURN SITUATION.

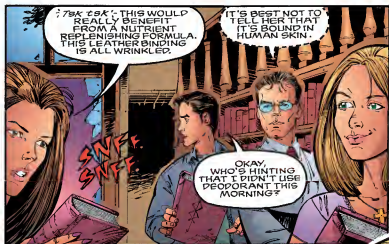
EX-CUSE ME.

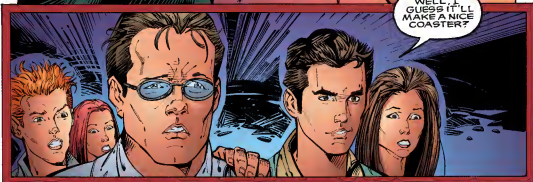
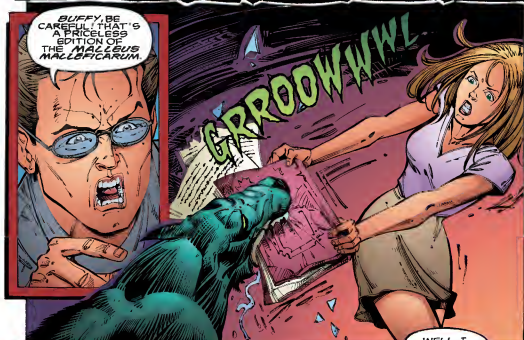
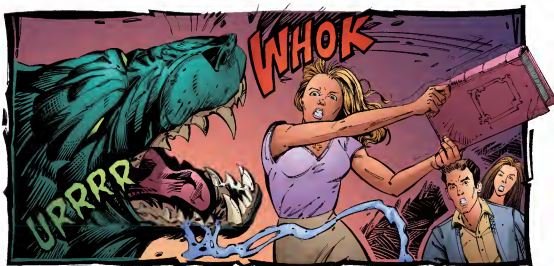
SO, WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED THAT NIGHT?

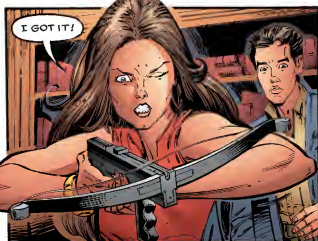
LIKE I TOLD YOU, WILL CALLS ME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, ALL FREAKED OUT. OZ HAS BUSTED OUT OF HIS MANACLES AND IS AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN SUNNYDALE.

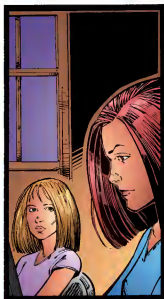
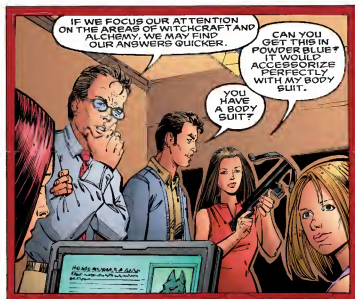
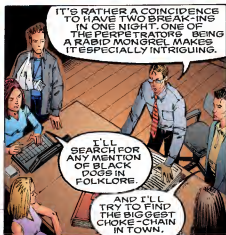
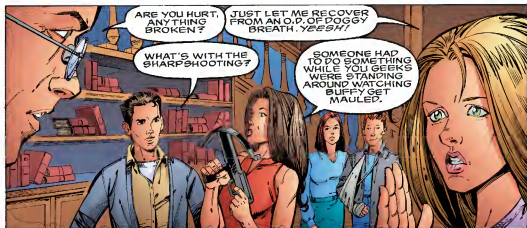


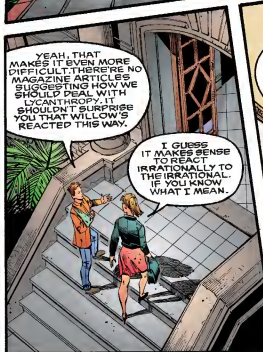
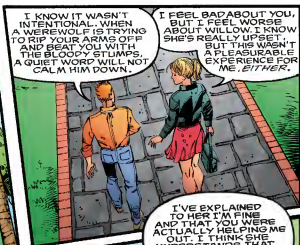
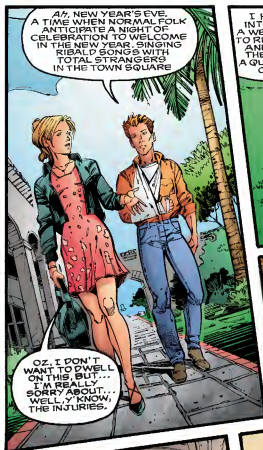


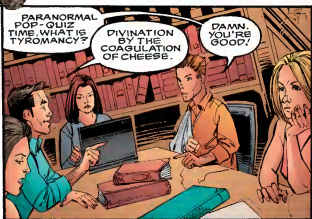
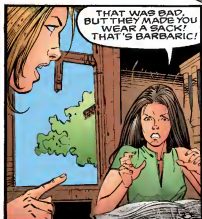


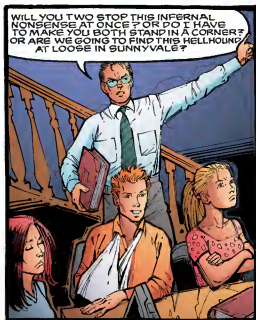
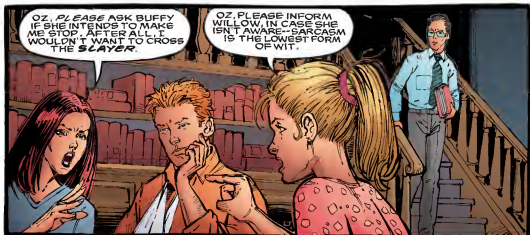


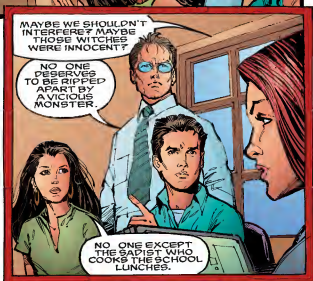
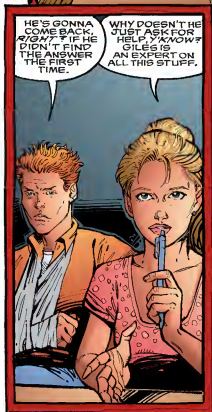
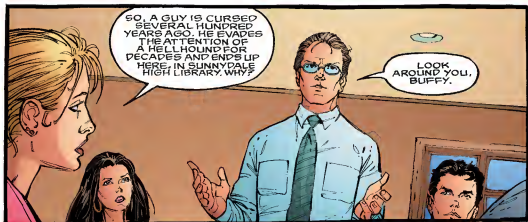


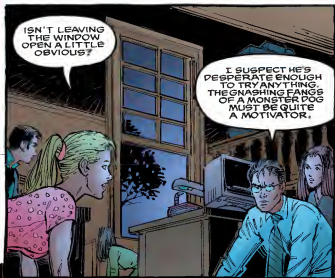
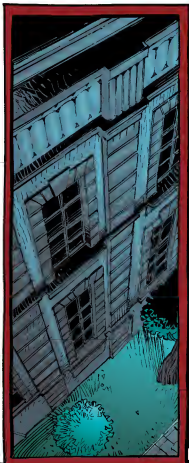


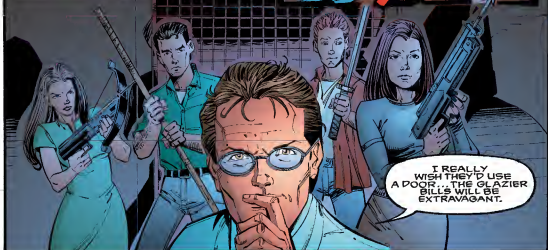
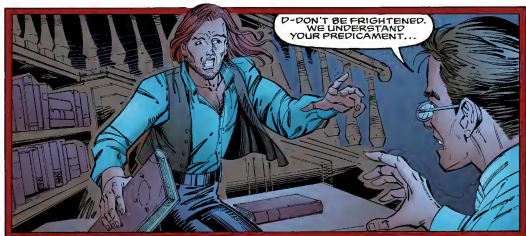


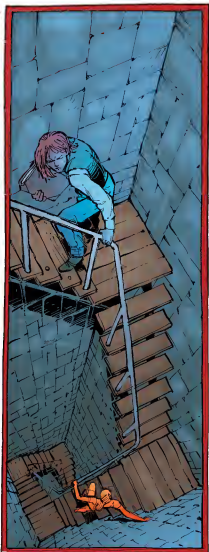












...CURSES...
HURRY HURRY...
CURSES...

YOU COULD
HAVE TAKEN
THE MAINTENANCE
ELEVATOR. LESS
TAXING.



...NOTHING HERE
TO NEGATE
THE CURSE...

MAYBE I CAN HELP
YOU. IF YOU TELL ME
WHAT YOU NEED?

I NEED
THAT CURSED
HOUND OFF
MY SCENT.

IS THIS
TO DO WITH
MARIANA AND
BEN? WHO
WERE THEY?

"BEN AND I WERE
CHILDHOOD FRIENDS.
WE WERE OBSESSED
WITH ALCHEMY AND
DREAMED OF TURNING
LEAD INTO GOLD."

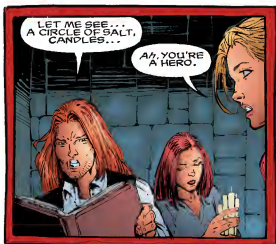
"THEN MARIANA
APPEARED. I LOVED
HER, BUT SHE FELL
IN LOVE WITH BEN.
I WAS POSSESSED
BY JEALOUSY. WHEN
I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN HAPPY FOR
MY BEST FRIEND,
I BETRAYED THEM
TO MY FATHER."

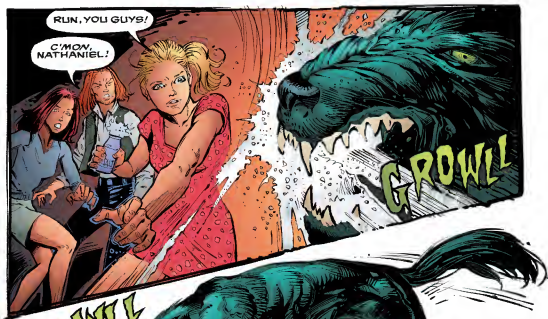
"I INSTANTLY REGRETTED
IT, BUT MY FATHER WOULD
NOT BE SWAYED. THEY WERE
BURNED AT THE STAKE FOR
THE RESEARCH BEN AND I
HAD BEGUN."

"THE FLAMES
WERE NOT
QUICK ENOUGH
TO SILENCE
BEN'S FINAL
CURSE..."

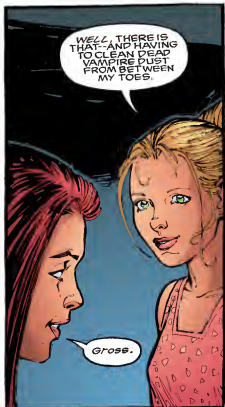
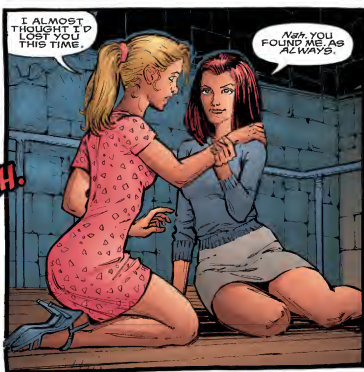
"...TRANSFORMING
MY DOG MAGNUS
INTO A VESSEL FOR
HIS REVENGE."











TEN...
NINE...
EIGHT...
SEVEN...

SIX...
FIVE...
FOUR...

SO, YOU
MANAGED TO
FIND US.

WITH
DIFFICULTY,
WE TRAILED
THE HOUND AS
FAR AS
THE CROWD
BUT THEN
LOST HIM.

THREE...
TWO...
ONE...

HAPPY
NEW YEAR!

THE END

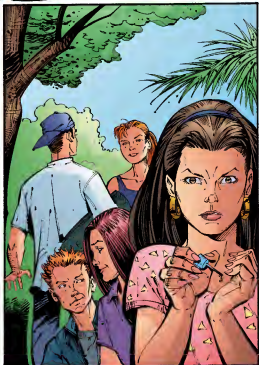
New Kid

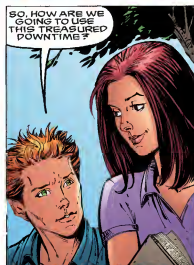


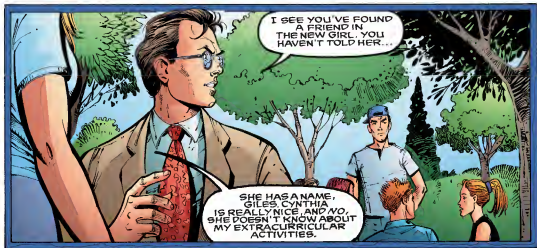
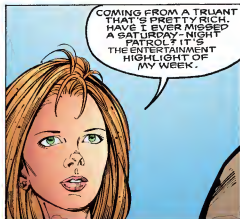
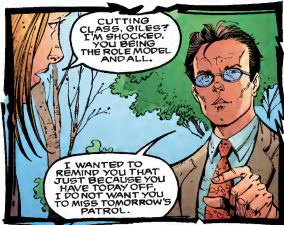
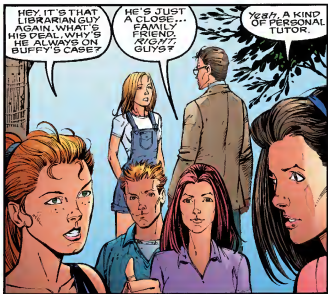
JOYCE
ARTHUR
7-98

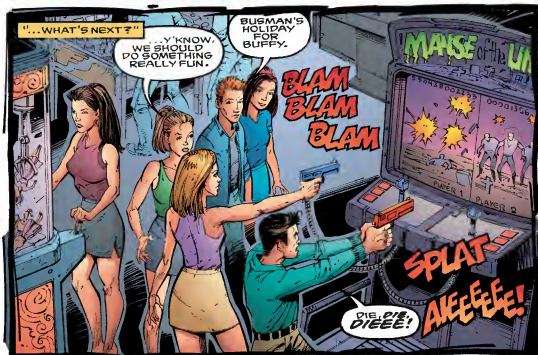
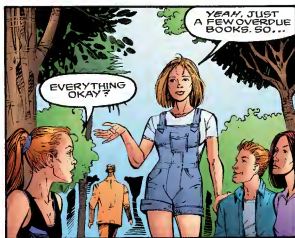
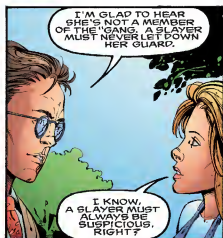
on the Block











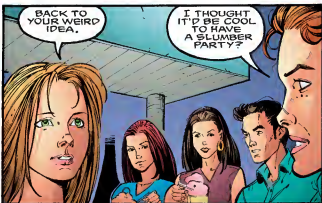


Y'KNOW THIS MIGHT SOUND WEIRD, BUT IT'S SOMETHING I HAVEN'T DONE IN YEARS. IT'D BE SO MUCH FUN, I ALWAYS LOVED THEM AS A KID...

OH REALLY, WHAT?

...MY GUN WAS BUSTED. THAT'S THE ONLY REASON...

YEAH, I'VE HEARD THAT EXCUSE BEFORE.



BACK TO YOUR WEIRD IDEA.

I THOUGHT IT'D BE COOL TO HAVE A SLUMBER PARTY?



A SLUMBER PARTY? AWESOME IDEA!

A SLUMBER PARTY SOUNDS GREAT! MY PARENTS ARE AWAY THIS WEEKEND, SO WE COULD ALL HANG OUT AT MY PLACE.



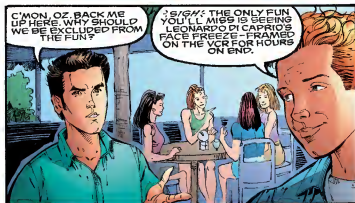
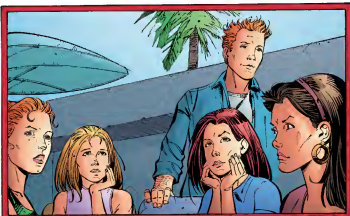
WE SHOULD INVITE ANOTHER FRIEND EACH. TO REACH THAT PERFECT SLUMBER PARTY NUMBER.

SO, DO WE ALL HAVE TO WEAR LIKE... OUR 'JAMMIES' AND STUFF?

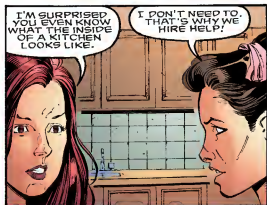
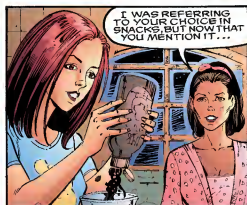
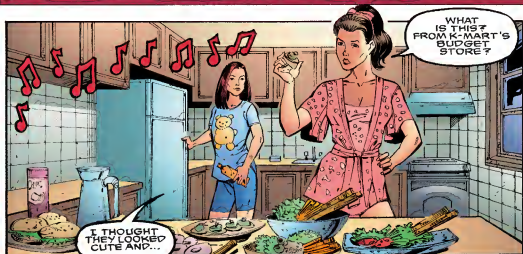
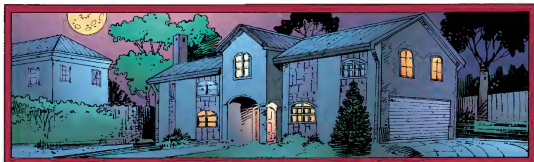


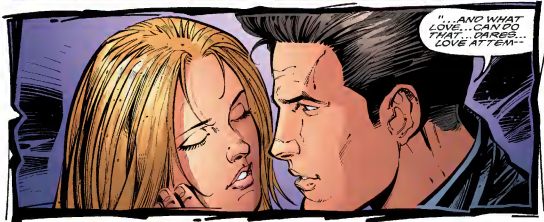
UH, SURE--

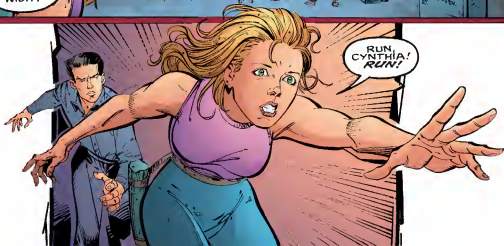
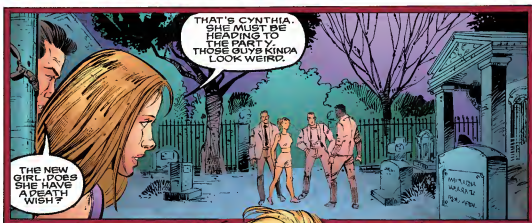
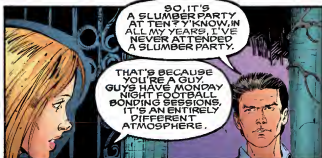
NO GUYS ALLOWED!

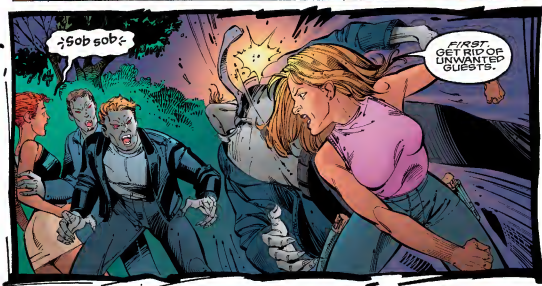




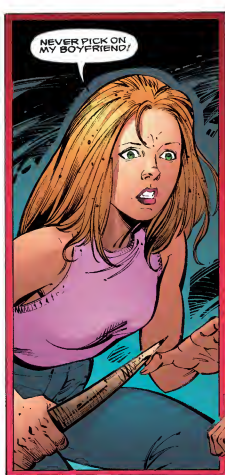


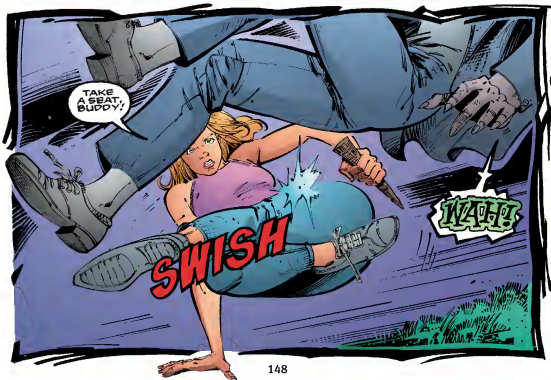


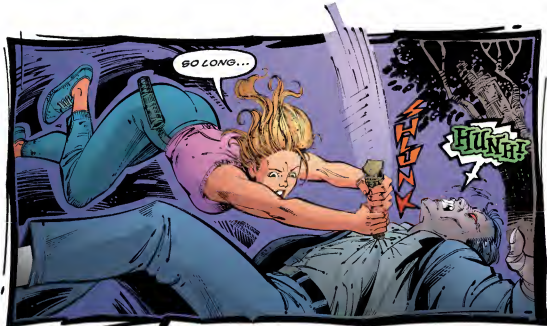




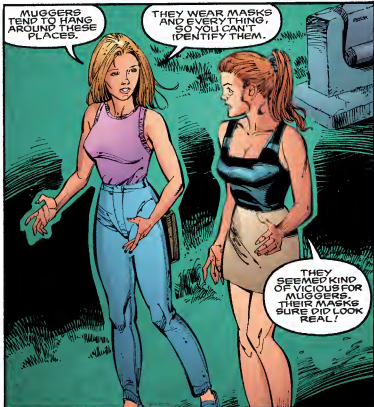
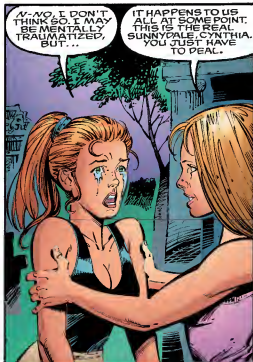
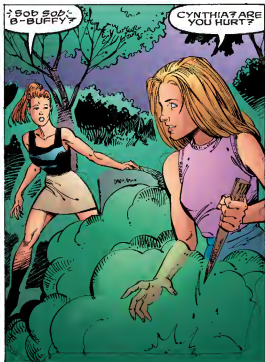


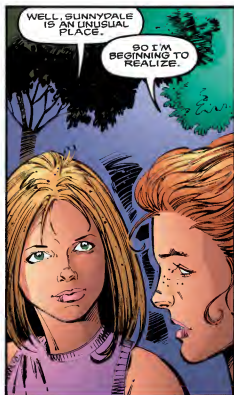
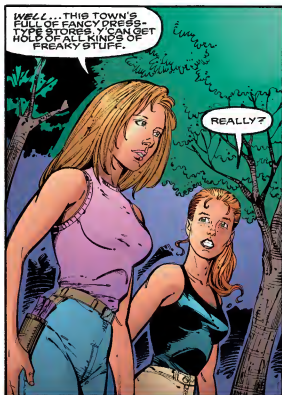


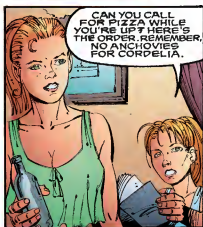
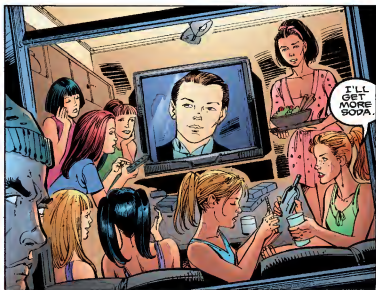


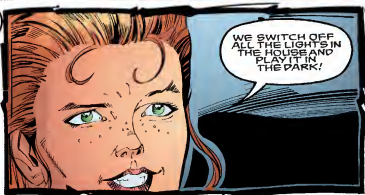
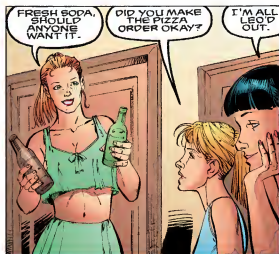


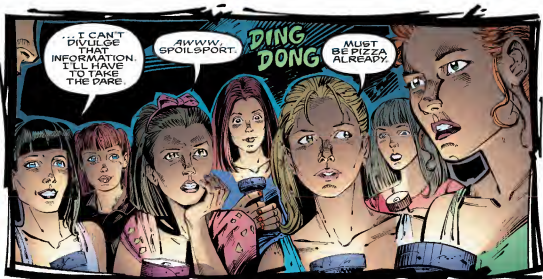




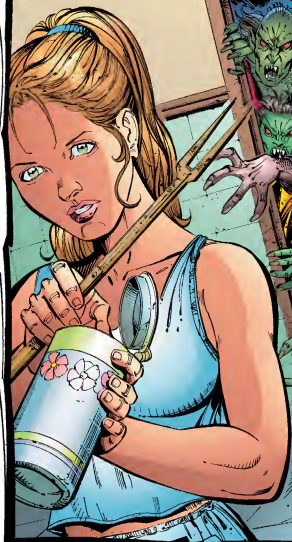








Hmmmm.
THERE SHOULD
BE MONEY
AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE...



GRARRRR

GURGLE!

YOU
WANT
A TIP?





GURGLE





XANDER!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

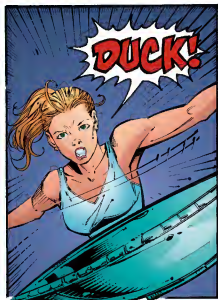


I... I HAD
A... A VISION, UM,
THAT THERE'D
BE TROUBLE.

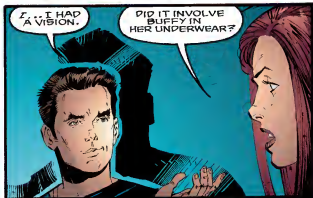


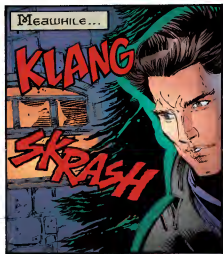
YEAH, RIGHT.
FIND THE OTHERS
AND GET THEM OUT
OF HERE, WE HAVE
GATECRASHERS.

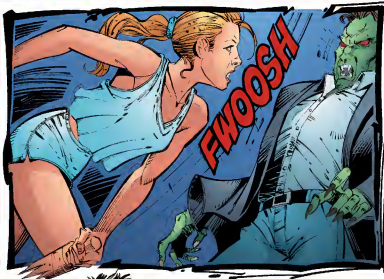
THEY'RE IN
THEIR UNDERWEAR
THOUGH, RIGHT?
THIS IS SOOO
COOL!

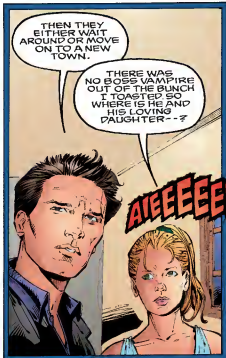








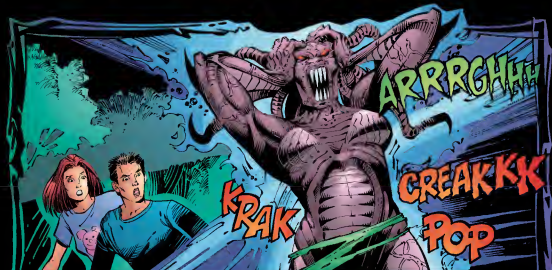












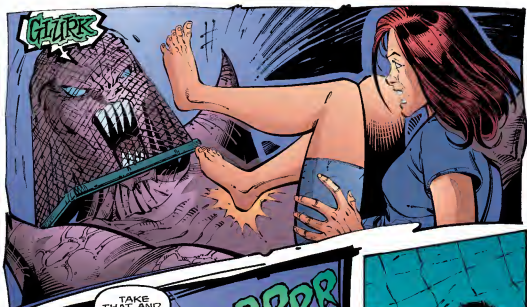
IT'S CYNTHIA!
SHE'S NOT
A VAMPIRE OR
A MORTAL.

EITHER
WAY SHE HAS
SOME INTENSE
HORMONAL
PROBLEMS.

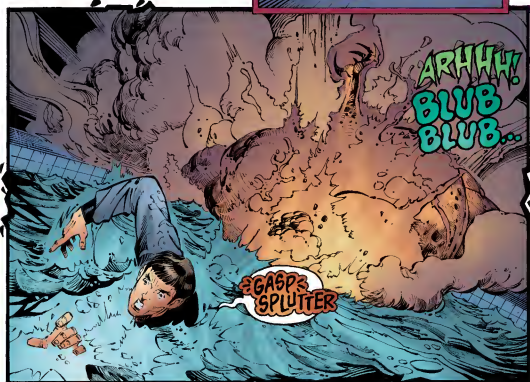


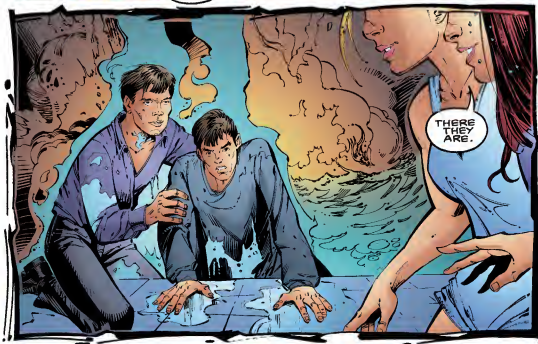














KREEACKKKK

SPLUTTER

Koff
Koff

OUCH,
HOT!

KERUNNCH

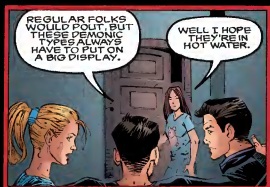
HURRY
OR ELSE
WE'LL BE
JOINING
CYNTHIA.

HACK...
I'LL NEVER
EAT LOBSTER
AGAIN...
KOFF

YOU GUYS
LOOK PRETTY
POACHED.
HOW'RE YOU
FEELING?

FINE.
I DIDN'T
NEED THAT
TOP LAYER
OF SKIN,
ANYWAY.

HOWAM I
GONNA EXPLAIN
THIS? SORRY, MOM,
THE HELLMOUTH
ATE OUR POOL?



HECTOR
FLOREA

FOOD CHAIN

PART ONE



REVEN
TOUCHSTONE
MAGAZINE



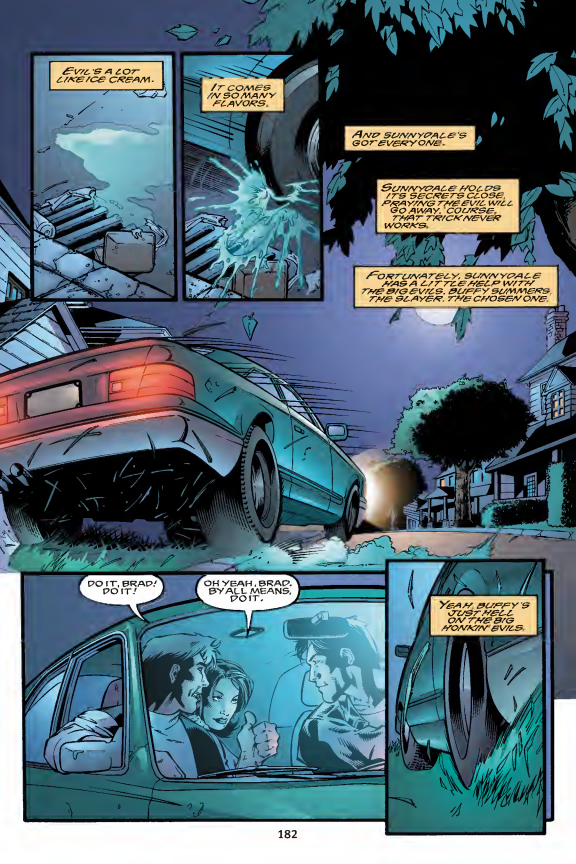
EVIL'S A LOT
LIKE
ICE CREAM.

The
FISH TANK

YOU'VE GOT
YOUR HUMAN EVIL,
MORTAL PREDATORS,
ALL OF THAT.

THEN YOU'VE GOT OTHER
THINGS, THE THINGS EVEN
THE PREDATORS FEAR,
SHADOWS WITHIN SHADOWS,
THINGS THAT GO BLIMP
IN THE NIGHT.

THEN YOU'VE GOT
A MORE INSIDIOUS EVIL...
THE SECRET, PEOPLE
KNOWING HORRIBLE TRUTHS,
AND NEVER SPEAKING
THEM, DENYING THEM EVEN
TO THEMSELVES.



EVIL'S A LOT
LIKE ICE CREAM.

IT COMES
IN SO MANY
FLAVORS.

AND SUNNYDALE'S
GOT EVERYONE.

SUNNYDALE HOLDS
ITS SECRETS CLOSE,
PRAYING THE EVIL WILL
GO AWAY. COURSE,
THAT TRICK NEVER
WORKS.

FORTUNATELY, SUNNYDALE
HAS A LITTLE HELP WITH
THE BIG EVILS. BUFFY SUMMERS,
THE SLAYER, THE CHOSEN ONE.

DO IT, BRAD!
DO IT!

OH YEAH, BRAD,
BY ALL MEANS,
DO IT.

YEAH BUFFY'S
JUST HELL
ON THE BIG
HONKIN' EVILS.

THE LITTLE
ONES,
THOUGH...

OH, NO,
BUFFY...

THAT'S
BRAD CAULFIELD'S
CAR! COME BACK
HERE, YOU
JERK...

WHO'S GOING TO
PAY FOR THIS?

YOU GOTTA
BE KIDDING.
CALLING
MY MOM RICH
IS SORT OF
LIKE
CALLING
PRINCIPAL
SNYDER
TALL.

THAT'S NOT
THE POINT, BUFFY, YOU
AND YOUR MOM LIVE IN
A NICE HOUSE IN A NICE
NEIGHBORHOOD, AND
SHE HAS HER OWN
BUSINESS. TO A LOT OF
KIDS WE KNOW, THAT
IS RICH.

BRAD CAN BE
PRETTY STUPID
SOMETIMES, OKAY,
A LOT OF THE TIME.
BUT HE'S HAD IT
PRETTY ROUGH. I'M
NOT SAYING THAT
MAKES IT OKAY BUT...
LOOK, I CAN GET
HIM TO PAY
YOUR MOM
BACK IF...

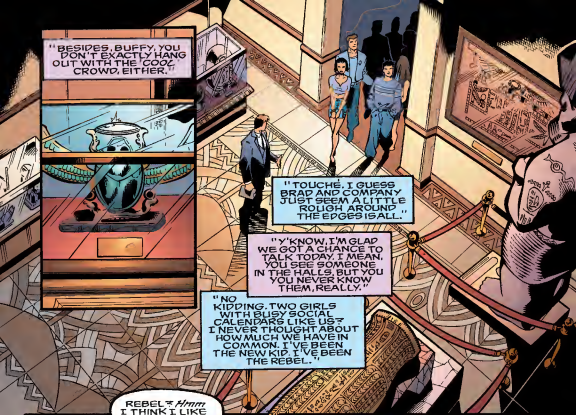
KNOW WHAT? FORGET
IT. I WAS FURIOUS, I'M
OVER IT. BRAD WANTS
TO BE A JERK TO
IMPRESS HIS FRIENDS.
FINE, I DON'T HAVE
THE ENERGY TO WASTE
STAYING MAD.

COOL, AND,
LISTEN? ABOUT
ME BEING IN
THE CAR...

"BELIEVE ME,
I'VE BEEN ALONG
FOR THE RIDE
A FEW TIMES
AND WISHED I
WAS ANYWHERE
ELSE. GOTTA
SAY, THOUGH,
NOT LOVING
BRAD."

MYSTERIES
OF ANCIENT
EGYPT

"AND YOU'RE WONDERING WHY
I HANG WITH HIM AND HIS CREW,
HUH? I DON'T KNOW, I GUESS...
THEY GET ME, Y'KNOW? WHEN I
FIRST MOVED HERE, THEY JUST
LET ME IN."



"BESIDES, BUFFY, YOU DON'T EXACTLY HANG OUT WITH THE COOL CROWD, EITHER."

"TOUCHÉ. I GUESS BRAD AND COMPANY JUST SEEM A LITTLE ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES IS ALL."

"Y'KNOW, I'M GLAD WE GOT A CHANCE TO TALK TODAY. I MEAN, YOU SEE SOMEONE IN THE HALLS, BUT YOU YOU NEVER KNOW THEM, REALLY."

"NO KIDDING. TWO GIRLS WITH BUSY SOCIAL CALENDARS LIKE US? I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT HOW MUCH WE HAVE IN COMMON. I'VE BEEN THE NEW KID. I'VE BEEN THE REBEL."

REBEL? *Hmm*
I THINK I LIKE THE SOUND OF--

WHOA. CAMEL. HOLD UP. THIS PART OF THE MUSEUM, I'VE SEEN. PYRAMIDS, SPHINKES... MUMMIES. I'LL PASS. BAD MEMORIES.

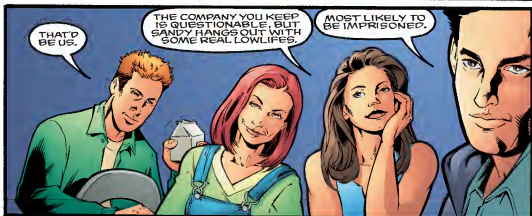
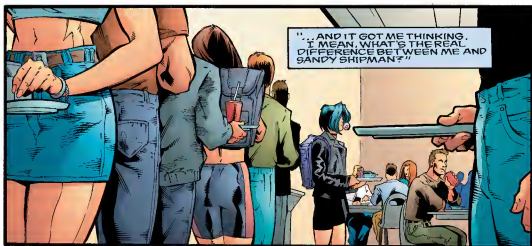
DO YOU THINK MR. BAIRD WILL NOTICE?

NOT IF WE TELL HIM WE WERE OVERCOME BY THE GRANDEUR OF FEUDAL JAPAN... AND BRING HIM A MOCHACINO FROM THE LOBBY'S COFFEE SHOP.

SO, TELL ME AGAIN WHY YOU'RE ON THIS TRIP WHEN YOU'RE NOT EVEN IN MY CLASS?

I GOT IN A LITTLE TROUBLE THE END OF LAST YEAR... NOTHING I COULDN'T HANDLE... AND MISSED THE FIRST FEW WEEKS OF CLASSES THIS YEAR WHEN MY HISTORY CLASS TOOK THIS TRIP.

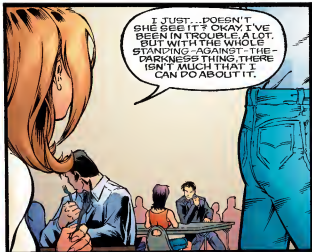
HEY, YOU ARE A REBEL.



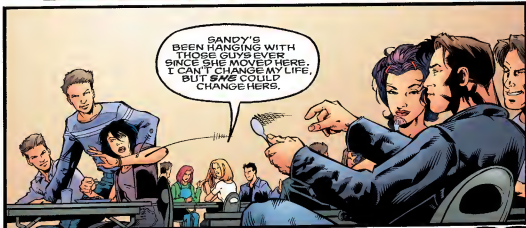
SANDY'S REALLY NICE, BUFFY. NOTHING LIKE THOSE CAVE MEN SHE HANGS OUT WITH, BUT IT'S SORT OF WELL, CAVEGIRL BY ASSOCIATION, Y'KNOW?



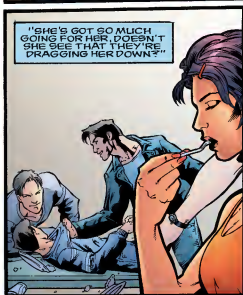
I JUST... DOESN'T SHE SEE IT? OKAY I'VE BEEN IN TROUBLE, A LOT, BUT WITH THE WHOLE STANDING-AGAINST-THE-DARKNESS THING, THERE ISN'T MUCH THAT I CAN DO ABOUT IT.



SANDY'S BEEN HANGING WITH THOSE GUYS EVER SINCE SHE MOVED HERE. I CAN'T CHANGE MY LIFE, BUT *SHE* COULD CHANGE HERS.



"SHE'S GOT SO MUCH GOING FOR HER, DOESN'T SHE SEE THAT THEY'RE DRAGGING HER DOWN?"

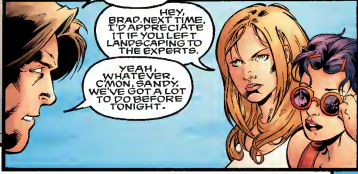
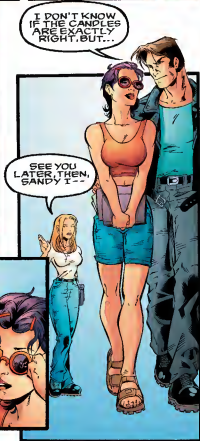
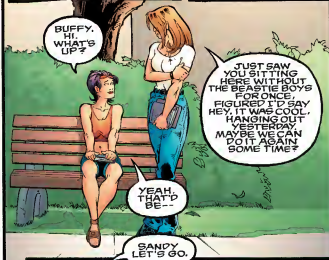


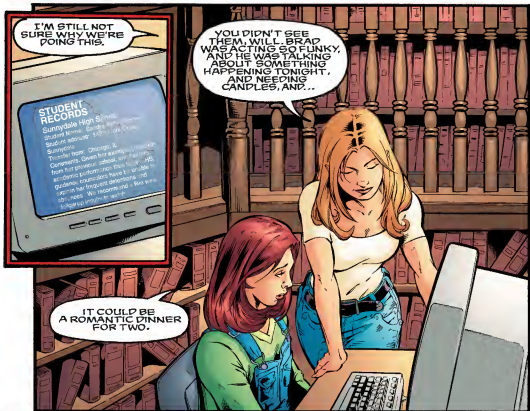
WHICH I GUESS MEANS THAT, WITH YOUR BAD-GIRL REP AND ALL, HANGING OUT WITH US IS KINDA LIKE DRAGGING YOU *UP*, HUH?

Xander...

AND THEY SAY I HAVE NO TACT.









MARDUK,
LORD OF
VICTORY OVER
THE DARK
ANGELS
REMEMBER!



MARDUK,
SON OF ENKI,
MASTER OF
MAGICIANS,
REMEMBER!



MARDUK,
VANQUISHER
OF THE ANCIENT
ONES
REMEMBER!



MARDUK,
WHO ASSIGNS
THE WANDERERS
THEIR PLACES,
REMEMBER!



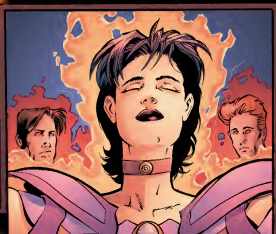
IN THE NAME
OF THE COVENANT
SWORN BETWEEN THEE
AND THE RACE
OF MEN...

WE CALL TO
THEE, HARKEN
AND
REMEMBER.



WE CALL TO
THEE, HARKEN AND
REMEMBER.







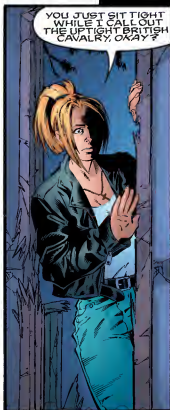




BRAD SORRY ABOUT THE MISUNDERSTANDING. I PROMISE TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU IF YOU LIVE THROUGH THIS... YOU CAN WAKE UP NOW.



GUYS?



YOU JUST SIT TIGHT WHILE I CALL OUT THE UPTIGHT BRITISH CAVALRY, OKAY?



OH, OF COURSE.

THE ONE TIME I LISTEN TO GILES' ADVICE NOT TO 'SLAY FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS' LATER... THAT OUGHTA TEACH ME.



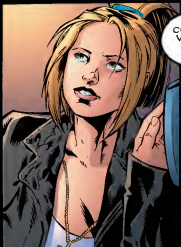
...SLAYER IS
A PRETTY SIMPLE
JOB DESCRIPTION, GILES.
IF I'D KEPT THAT IN MIND,
I COULD BE HOME WORKING
ON MY AMERICAN HEROES
TERM PAPER RIGHT NOW.

"WE ALL MAKE
MISTAKES." THAT'S
THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
YOU NEVER DID GET
THE WHOLE PEP-TALK/
MORALE BOOSTER THING
DOWN, DID YOU?



SO DO
YOU THINK
WILLOW CAN
HELP?

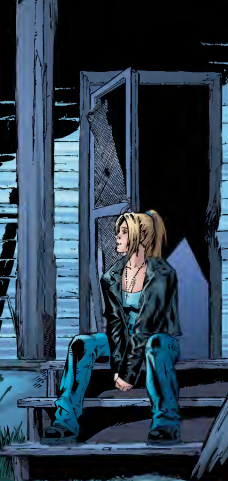
GOOD.
SEE YOU
SOON.



UNLESS OF
COURSE SOMETHING
VERY BAD HAPPENS
TO ME, IN WHICH
CASE, I WON'T.



IT'S THAT
KIND OF NIGHT.



THANKS FOR GETTING HERE SO FAST. GILES IS DOING THE RESEARCH?

NOW THAT WE KNOW SANDY'S THE EVIL ONE AND NOT BRAD, HE SAID HE HAD SOME IDEAS.



THAT'S A START.

WILLOW, SEE IF THERE ARE ANY SPELLS OR WHATEVER YOU CAN USE TO WAKE THESE GUYS UP. OZ, XANDER, YOU GUYS ARE HERE TO MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENS TO WILLOW, JUST IN CASE.

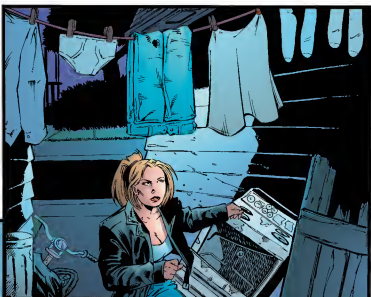


YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, O CHOSEN ONE. ESPECIALLY IF IT'S SOMETHING NAUGHTY.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

HUNTING.



WOW, JUST
MAKE YOURSELF
AT HOME. WILL.
FIND EVERYTHING
YOU NEEDED?

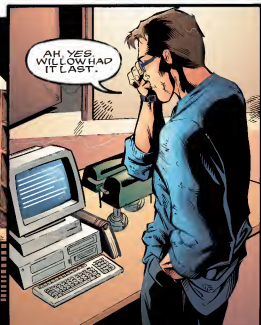
PRETTY MUCH.
OUR GIRL SANDY
ISN'T JUST A DEMON.
SHE'S A THINK-AHEAD
KIND OF DEMON. SHE
KEPT THE CUPBOARD
PRETTY WELL-STOCKED
WITH THE MAGICAL
BASICS.

I'M THINKING
YOU SHOULD
HURRY, HARD TO
TELL. BUT I'D SAY
CONNOR'S DEAD
AND THE OTHER
GUYS MIGHT NOT
BE FAR BEHIND.

OH...



...NO...



"GILES, IT'S
ME, WHAT'S--"

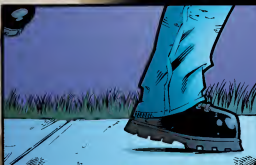
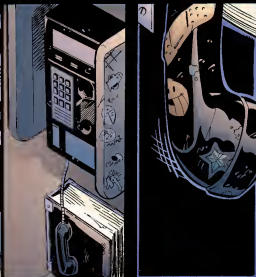
"BUFFY, LISTEN
CAREFULLY. THE DEMON'S
NAME IS YLISANDROTH.
IT'S ONE OF THE LOWER
CREATURES. IN ORDER TO
SURVIVE ON THIS PLANE,
IT MUST GET ITS ENERGIES
FROM OTHERS.

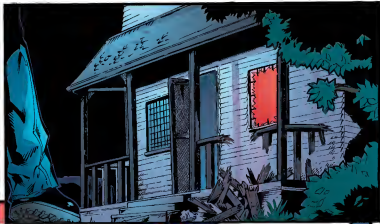
"IT USES THE BLACK
ARTS TO SURROUND
ITSELF WITH ADMIRERS
AND FEEDS OFF OF THEM."

"SOUNDS A LOT
LIKE CORCELIA.
ACTUALLY, WE
SHOULD LOOK
INTO--"

"YOU'RE NOT PAYING
ATTENTION, BUFFY.
IT CAN'T SURVIVE ON
THIS PLANE WITHOUT
THOSE ENERGIES.
YOU INTERRUPTED
THE RITUAL, THERE ISN'T
TIME FOR IT TO
START AGAIN.

"IT'S GOING TO HAVE
TO GO BACK FOR BRAD
AND THE OTHERS
WHICH MEANS... BUFFY...
ARE YOU THERE?
BUFFY..."

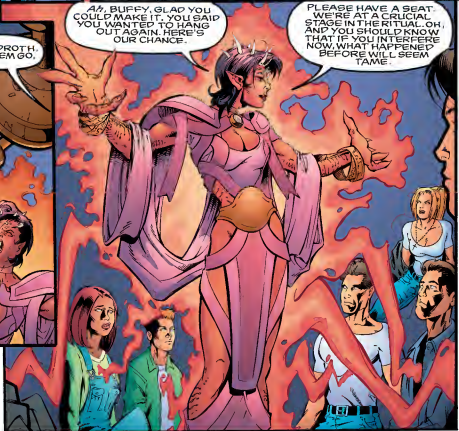




YLISANDROTH,
LET THEM GO.

Ah, BUFFY, GLAD YOU
COULD MAKE IT. YOU SAID
YOU WANTED TO HANG
OUT AGAIN. HERE'S
OUR CHANCE.

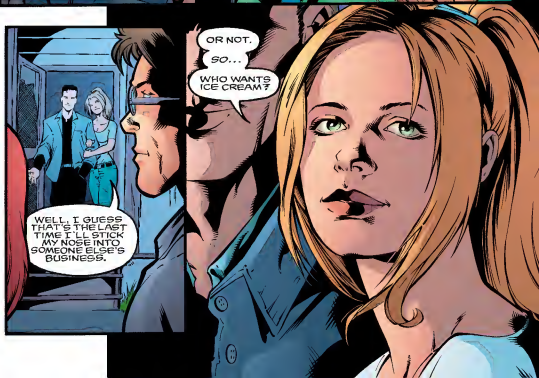
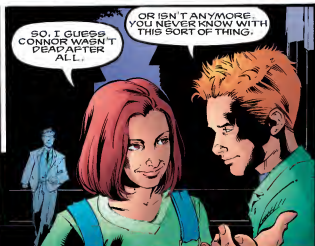
PLEASE HAVE A SEAT.
WE'RE AT A CRUCIAL
STAGE IN THE RITUAL. OH,
AND YOU SHOULD KNOW
THAT IF YOU INTERFERE
NOW, WHAT HAPPENED
BEFORE WILL SEEM
TAME.



PLEASE HAVE A SEAT.
YOU'LL BREAK THE CIRCUIT,
AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL DIE.
IF YOU TRY TO REMOVE
YOUR FRIENDS FROM
THE CIRCLE, THEY'LL DIE.



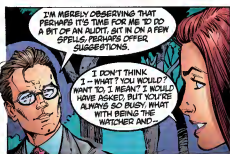
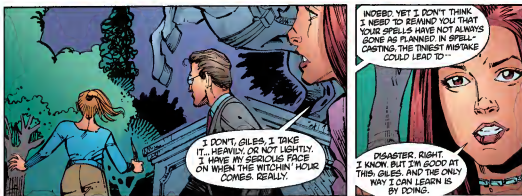
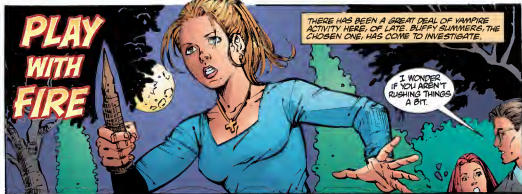




PLAY WITH FIRE











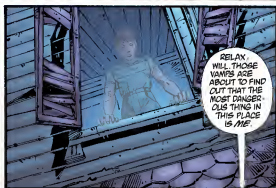
THEY'RE
HEADING FOR
THAT OLD HOUSE.

WE MUSTN'T
LET THEM
ESCAPE.

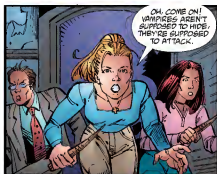


DON'T WORRY,
THEY'RE NOT
GETTING OUT
OF HERE.

COULD I
JUST NOTE
THAT THIS
PLACE SEEMS
ABANDONED
AND, OKAY,
APPROPRIATELY
SPOOKY?



RELAX,
WILL THOSE
VAMPS ARE
ABOUT TO FIND
OUT THAT THE
MOST DANGEROUS
THING IN
THIS PLACE
IS *ME*.



OH, COME ON!
VAMPIRES AREN'T
SUPPOSED TO HIDE.
THEY'RE SUPPOSED
TO ATTACK.



I HAVE A
TRIG TEST IN
THE MORNING.
GUNS, HELP ME
OUT HERE.



QUICKLY,
TO THE
ATTIC.



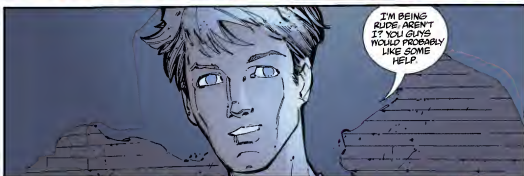
C'MON, I
HEARD SOMETHING
UPSTAIRS.

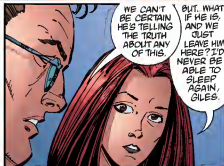
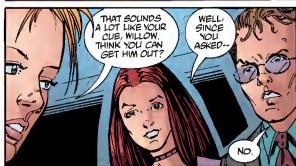
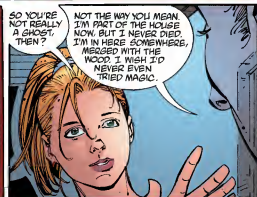
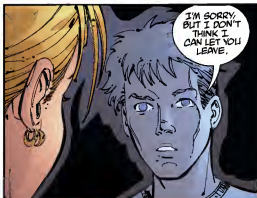
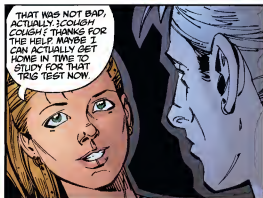
DO BE
CAREFUL, BUFFY.
I FIND IT DIFFICULT
TO BELIEVE THAT
EVEN THE STUPIDEST
VAMPIRE WOULD
RETREAT TO SOME-
WHERE FROM WHICH
THEY COULD NOT
ESCAPE.

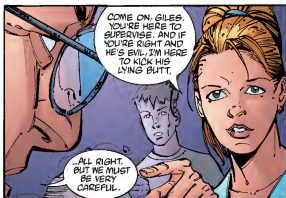


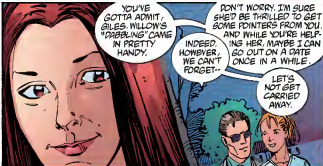
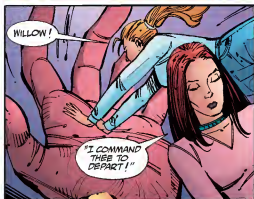
SAY, ARE WE
SURE THIS PLACE
IS ABANDONED? I
HAVE THAT WEIRD,
CREEPY, SOMEBODY'S-
WATCHING-ME
FEELING.











FOOD CHAIN

PART TWO



CHRISTIAN



THERE'S A CERTAIN SPARKLE TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. OR, AT LEAST, TO THE MYTH IT HAS BECOME IN AMERICAN POP CULTURE.

THE PERFECT WEATHER, THE PERFECTLY P.C. POLITICS, THE PERFECT TANS AND PERFECT TEETH. BUT SCRATCH THE SURFACE, AND SOME THINGS ARE JUST AS TRUE HERE AS THEY ARE EVERYWHERE ELSE.

SUNNYDALE, CALIFORNIA. JUST FOR INSTANCE, CERTAINLY HAS ITS SHARE OF GUYS LIKE THIS. THEY'RE THE BOTTOM-FEEDERS OF THE FOOD CHAIN, BUT SOMEHOW, THEY NEVER STARVE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN', PUKE? YOU DON'T ASK MY GIRL TO THE MOVIES. YOU GOT A LESSON COMIN'!

BRAD, DON'T!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, SUZE? WE HAD SOMETHING GOING, AND YOU GO OUT WITH THIS LITTLE RUNT?

YEAH, Y' KNOW WHAT? I'M GONE. ENJOY LIFE WITH THE LOSERS.

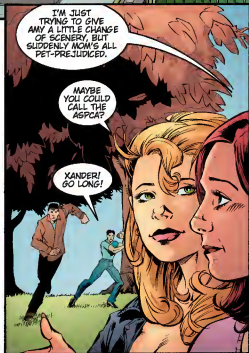
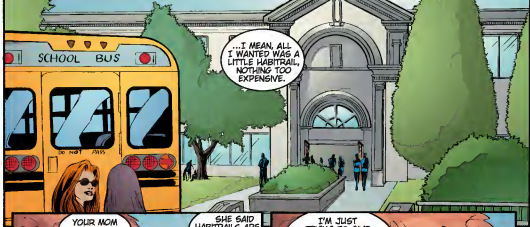
YEAH. WORDS FOR YOU TO LIVE BY.

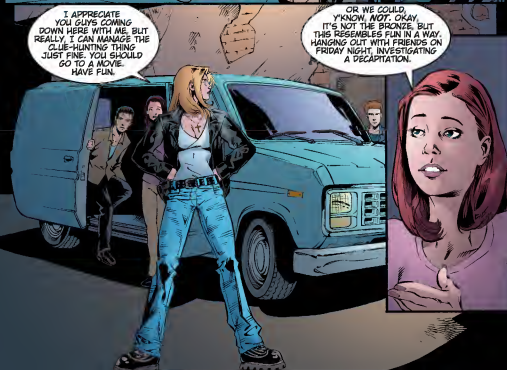
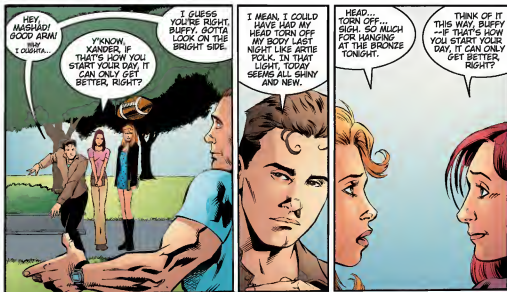
GO TO HELL. OH, WOW, WHAT BRAVE BOYS YOU ARE. YOU'RE, WHAT, FIVE AGAINST ONE? PLEASE. GO BE NEANDERTHALS ON YOUR OWN TIME. ALL RIGHT? I'M ON A DATE.

YEP. BOTTOM-FEEDERS GET PLENTY TO EAT, BUT THEY'RE USUALLY NONE TOO BRIGHT--ALMOST ALWAYS THE LAST TO LEARN ONE OF THE PRIMARY LESSONS OF THE FOOD CHAIN.

A CERTAIN JEDI MASTER PROBABLY SAID IT BEST...

...THERE'S ALWAYS A BIGGER FISH.







IT'S
EVEN ROMANTIC
IN A WAY. IF YOU
LEAVE OUT THAT
DECAPITATION
PART.

SO, WHAT ARE
WE LOOKING FOR,
ANYWAY? BIGFOOT
PRINTS? DEMON
SPOOR?



I DON'T
KNOW, ANYTHING.
SOMETHING THE
POLICE WOULDN'T
NOTICE, OR
WOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR.



THAT'S WEIRD.
IT'S LIKE THEY
DIDN'T FINISH THE
OUTLINE.

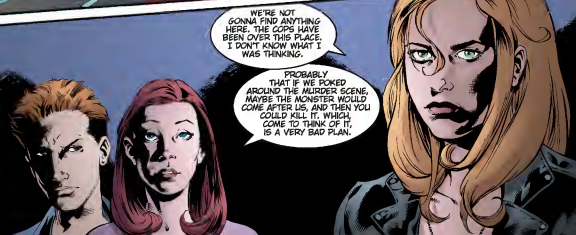


YEAH.
THEY
DID.

LOOKS LIKE
WHATEVER GOT
ARTIE DIDN'T STOP
WITH HIS HEAD.

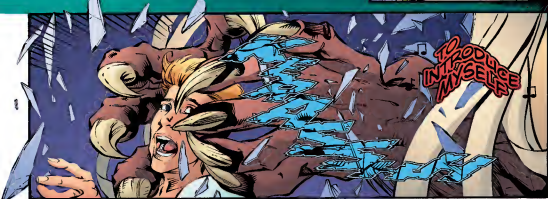
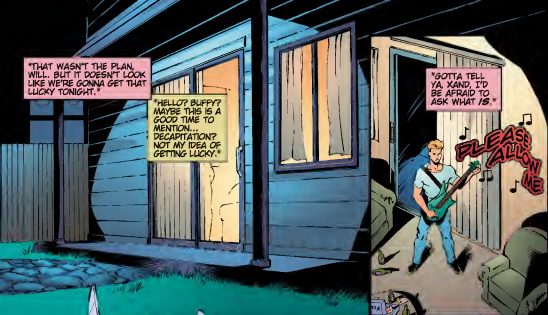


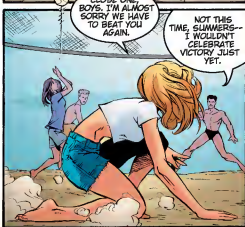
UNLESS...
HIS HEAD WAS
LAST. WHICH
WOULD MEAN HE
COULDA BEEN
ALIVE WHEN...
I SHOULD SHUT UP
NOW.

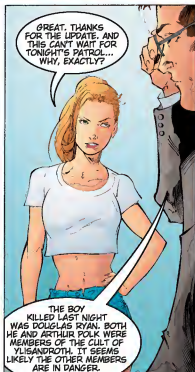
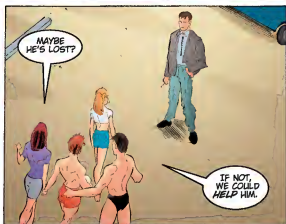
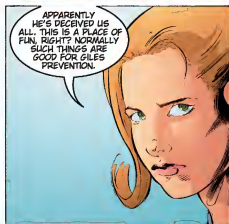
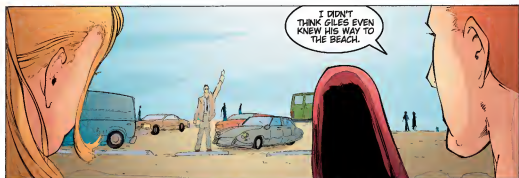


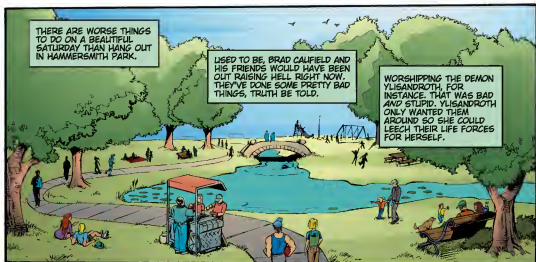
WE'RE NOT
GONNA FIND ANYTHING
HERE. THE COPS HAVE
BEEN OVER THIS PLACE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I
WAS THINKING.

PROBABLY
THAT IF WE POKED
AROUND THE MURDER SCENE,
MAYBE THE MONSTER WOULD
COME AFTER US, AND THEN YOU
COULD KILL IT, WHICH,
COME TO THINK OF IT,
IS A VERY BAD PLAN.





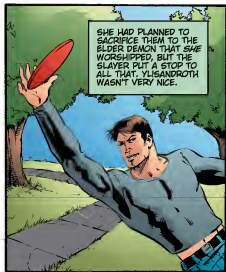




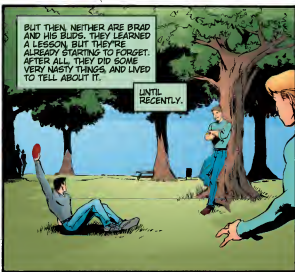
THERE ARE WORSE THINGS TO DO ON A BEAUTIFUL SATURDAY THAN HANG OUT IN HAMMERSMITH PARK.

USED TO BE, BRAD CAULFIELD AND HIS FRIENDS WOULD HAVE BEEN OUT RAISING HELL RIGHT NOW. THEY'VE DONE SOME PRETTY BAD THINGS, TRUTH BE TOLD.

WORSHIPPING THE DEMON YLISANDROTH, FOR INSTANCE. THAT WAS BAD AND STUPID. YLISANDROTH ONLY WANTED THEM AROUND SO SHE COULD LEECH THEIR LIFE FORCES FOR HERSELF.



SHE HAD PLANNED TO SACRIFICE THEM TO THE ELDER DEMON THAT SHE WORSHIPPED, BUT THE SLAYER PUT A STOP TO ALL THAT. YLISANDROTH WASN'T VERY NICE.



BUT THEN, NEITHER ARE BRAD AND HIS BUDD. THEY LEARNED A LESSON, BUT THEY'RE ALREADY STARTING TO FORGET. AFTER ALL, THEY DID SOME VERY NASTY THINGS, AND LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT.

UNTIL RECENTLY.



THERE ARE WORSE THINGS TO DO ON A BEAUTIFUL SATURDAY THAN HANG OUT IN HAMMERSMITH PARK. FOR INSTANCE...

XANDER WAS RIGHT. WE DON'T EVEN LIKE THESE GUYS. HERE THEY'RE HAVING A GREAT TIME, AND WE'RE STUCK DOING NOTHING BUT WATCHING THEM PLAY FRISBEE.

THEY'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT IT, THOUGH. THAT'S A COMFORT.





Y'KNOW, GUYS,
THE HOUSE LOOKS
DIFFERENT. KINDA...
DULL.

IT WAS
DARK LAST
TIME WE WERE
HERE.



NO, XANDER'S
RIGHT. THERE'S JUST
SOMETHING ABOUT
ARCANE GATHERINGS LAIR
THAT GIVES A HOUSE
THAT GIVES A HOUSE
THAT LITTLE EXTRA
SPARKLE.

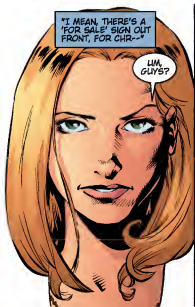


KRAK!



SO, XAND, IF
YOU SEE ANYTHING
THAT ISN'T DULL
JUST GIVE US A
SHOUT, OKAY?

Y'KNOW, IT WAS AN
INNOCENT COMMENT.
XANDER WANTED TO STAY
AT THE BEACH, BUT DOES
ANYONE LISTEN TO ME?
NO. C'MON. THERE'S
NOTHING HERE.

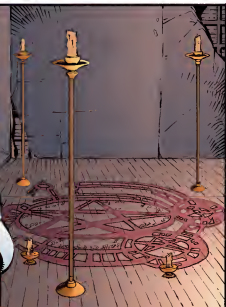


*I MEAN, THERE'S A
'FOR SALE' SIGN OUT
FRONT, FOR CHR--*

UUA,
GUYS?



SOMEBODY'S
BEEN USING THIS
PLACE. AND I
DON'T THINK IT'S
GOLDOCKS.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK GILES? AFTER WHAT DID TO YLISANDROTH, I THOUGHT--"

"NO. YLISANDROTH IS DEAD. BUT, CLEARLY, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER IS KILLING THESE BOYS HAS A CONNECTION TO HER, AND BY EXTENSION, TO THEIR NOW-DEFUNCT CULT..."

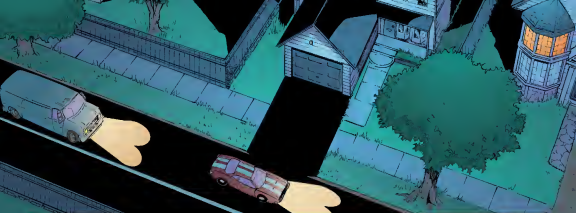
"...IN FACT, IT MAY EVEN BE ONE OF THESE BOYS. THE SAVAGERY OF THESE KILLINGS-- PERHAPS THEY'VE CALLED SOMETHING UP FROM BEYOND."

"AND NOW IT'S KILLING THEM. GREAT. I GUESS I KNOW HOW WE'LL ALL BE SPENDING THE NIGHT."

STOP JOSTLING. DON'T DRAW ATTENTION TO THE CAR.

THIS WASN'T MY IDEA. HOW WAS I TO HAVE KNOWN GORDON WOULD BRING HIS DATE UP HERE?

HOW WERE YOU TO-- OH GOD, THIS IS A NIGHTMARE. DON'T IT PLEASE. WHY CAN'T I WAKE UP? UNLESS IT'S HELL. THAT'S IT. I COULD BE IN HELL-- WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN A LOT.

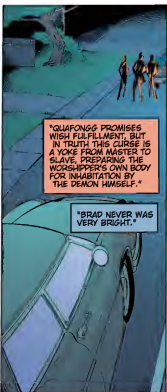


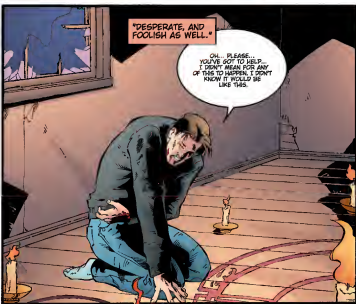








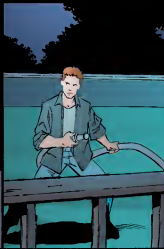








THOUGH THE DARKNESS TAKES HOLD, THE SUN MUST RISE. UNTOUCHED, UNTAINTED, UNBOUND!



JUST NOT PAYING ATTENTION.

AIN'T IT ALWAYS THE WAY WITH MONSTERS, THOUGH?



UNTOUCHED, UNTAINTED, UNBOUND!

OZ!
NOW!



XANDER,
WE'VE GOT
TO TRY NOT TO
HURT HIM.

I'LL...
UGH... DO
MY BEST.



Nooooo!
YOU
CANNOT!



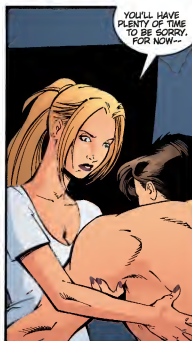
BUFFY, WAIT!
LOOK AT HIM. WE'
DONE IT. WE'VE
SEVERED THE LINK
BETWEEN THEM.

HUNP



BRAD?

...SO...
SORRY...

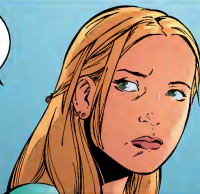




SO WHADDAYA
THINK, BUFF? WE
GONNA SEE HEAT
MISER AGAIN?

IF WE'D
WAITED FOR
QUAFONGG TO
POSSESS BRAD'S
BODY, WE COULD
HAVE DESTROYED
HIM COMPLETELY,
BUT NOT WITHOUT
KILLING BRAD,
TOO.

HARD TO SAY. I
GUESS THERE'S
ALWAYS A CHANCE
HE'LL BE BACK. HE
WAS PRETTY PISSED.
NOT LIKE WE HAD
MUCH CHOICE.



"BRAD TURNED HIMSELF
IN. HE'LL SPEND SOME
SERIOUS TIME IN JAIL,
BUT THEY'RE GOING TO
ARRANGE FOR HIM TO
VISIT HIS MOM WHILE
SHE'S IN CHEMO.

"IT ISN'T WINNING
THE LOTTERY, BUT
AT LEAST THIS
GIVES HIM A CHANCE
TO START OVER
SOMEDAY.

"LET'S JUST HOPE THAT THIS
TIME HE LEARNS FROM HIS
MISTAKES."

NO. I'M
NOT LISTENING.
PLEASE, NO.

THE FINAL CUT A FILM FINAL CUT



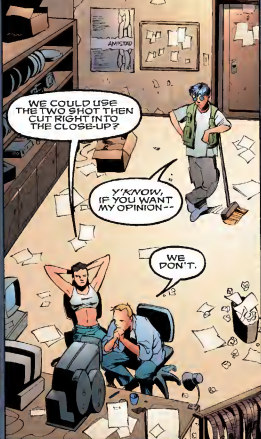












WE COULD USE THE TWO SHOT THEN CUT RIGHT INTO THE CLOSE-UP?

Y'KNOW, IF YOU WANT MY OPINION--

WE DON'T.



YOU'D DO WHAT I'M GONNA DO ON MY FIRST MOVIE. HOOK UP SOME FUNDING AND GO LOW BUDGET, AVOIDING ALL THE STUDIO INTERFERENCE.

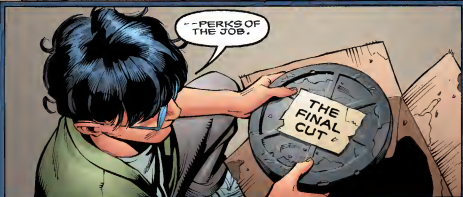
THEN WHEN YOUR FILM'S A BIG SUCCESS YOU FIGURE THE STUDIOS WILL COME CRAWLING TO YOU AND GIVE YOU FULL CREATIVE CONTROL.

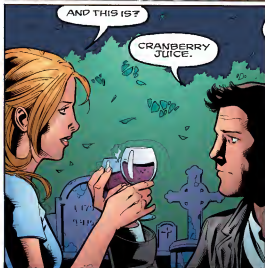
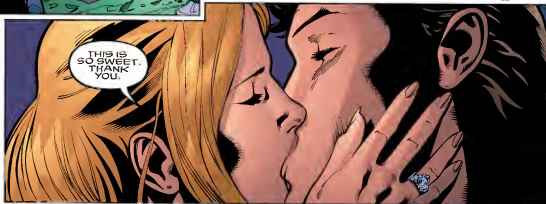


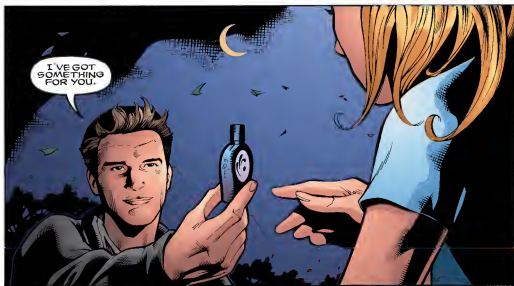
THAT'S RIGHT! NO STRINGS ATTACHED. ALL THEY DO IS FORK OVER THE DOUGH AND LET ME DO MY THING.

AND THE "CHICKS," THE MILLIONS, AND THE GLOSSY MAGAZINES WILL NATURALLY FOLLOW?

SOME OF THE PERKS OF THE JOB.





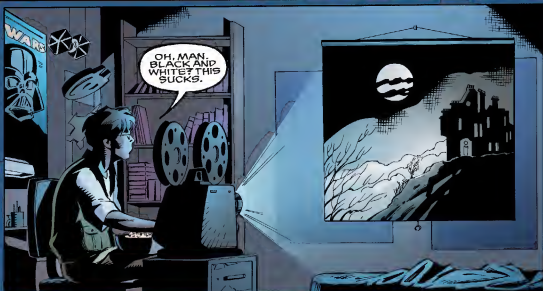


LATER.

MARTY,
THAT YOU? THERE'S
CHINESE FOOD
IN THE FRIDGE.
HEAT IT UP IN
THE MICROWAVE.

WHATEVER,
MOM. I'M GONNA
WATCH A MOVIE.
SO DON'T DISTURB
ME. OKAY?

POP
POP
POP!

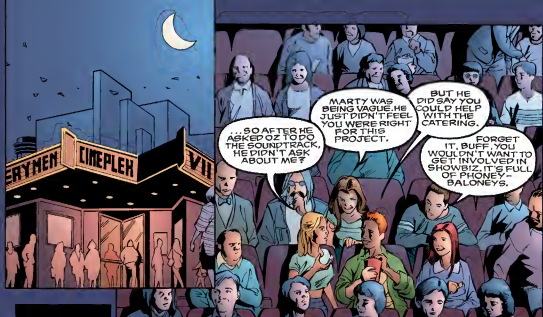












SO WHO'S FUNDING MARTY'S LITTLE VANTY PROJECT ANYWAY? AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE'S BROKE.

SO, WILL ABOUT THE SCRIPT. I WAS THINKING MY CHARACTER WOULD MEET SOME GOOD-LOOKING, MULTIMILLIONAIRE. HE'D BE KIND OF A--

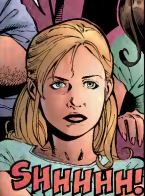
SOME BUDDY OF HIS, FAIR QUINN, JUST SOME GUY HE KNOWS.



WELL, IT JUST SEEMS A LITTLE TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

NO KISSING AND NO SHOWER SCENES?

QUIET, XANDER!

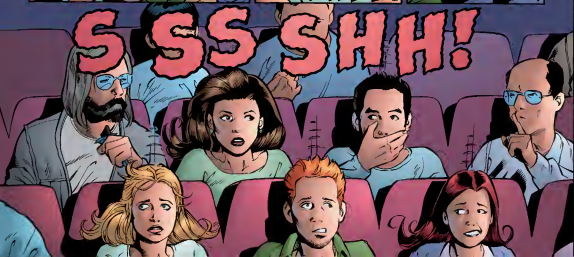


--BRAD-KEANU-CLOONEY HYBRID. THE ONLY PROBLEM IS HIS MOTHER IS DYING OF--

DID GILES EVER TEACH YOU THE SAYING-- "TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH"?



SSS SHH!



...Y'R MOM
STILL OUT?

YEAH, I
TOLD YOU SHE
WORKS LATE
WEEKNIGHTS.

MARTY
GLASS
GENIUS
AT
WORK!

KEEP
OUT!

AH, MY GUMS
ARE ACHING FROM
WEARING THESE
STUPID FANGS.
LOW BUDGET,
B-MOVIE CRAP...

YA GOTTA
SUFFER FOR
YOUR ART. NOW CAN
WE TALK ABOUT
THE MOVIE,
PLEASE?

FIRST Y'NEED
TO BRING ME FIVE
YOUNG SOULS.
IT'S GOT TO BE FIVE
OR THE DEAL'S OFF.
THE GUY I DO
BUSINESS WITH...
WELL, YOU DON'T
WANT TO CROSS
HIM IS ALL.

FIVE SOULS.
SURE.
WHATEVER.

Y'GOTTA
MAKE
SACRIFICES
TO GET IN
THE MOVIES.

FEELS LIKE
I'VE SPENT
A LIFETIME WITH
THESE NO-TALENT
SCREAM QUEENS.
SOONER I'M BACK
ON THE "A" LIST
THE BETTER.

YOU THINK
YOU'LL GET
THAT KIND OF
WORK AGAIN
SO QUICKLY?

I HAVE
CONTACTS. I'M
NOT THE ONLY
ONE WHO'S MADE
SACRIFICES...

RIGHT, WELL,
I'M STILL GONNA
DIRECT YOUR FIRST
NEW FLICK. THAT'S
THE DEAL.

THAT'S
THE--

AIEEEEEEE



HEY, BUFFY, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL OVER.

JUST BONING UP FOR A SLAYER POP QUIZ. EVERYTHING OKAY?



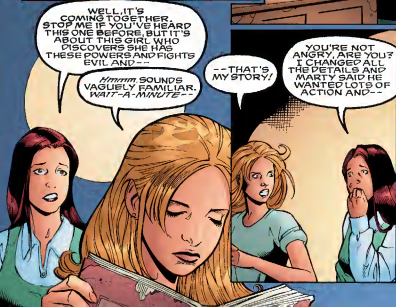
GOOD NEWS. WE'RE GOING TO A PRODUCTION MEETING. AT MARTY'S HOUSE, AND HE WANTS YOU TO COME ALONG. MARTY WANTS YOU TO BE THE FIGHT CHOREOGRAPHER. ISN'T THAT NEAT?

SORRY, WILL. I'M FULLY BOOKED WITH SLAYER STUFF.



WELL, STOP BY LATER. I'LL WRITE DOWN THE ADDRESS.

MAYBE. SO HOW'S THE SCREENPLAY COMING ALONG?



WELL, IT'S COMING TOGETHER. STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE BEFORE, BUT IT'S ABOUT THIS GIRL WHO DISCOVERS SHE HAS THESE POWERS AND FIGHTS EVIL AND--

Hmmmm SOUNDS VAGUELY FAMILIAR. WAIT-A-MINUTE--

--THAT'S MY STORY!

YOU'RE NOT ANGRY, ARE YOU? I CHANGED ALL THE DETAILS AND MARTY SAID HE WANTED LOTS OF ACTION AND--

YOU'RE MAKING A SLASHER FLICK WHERE I DO THE SLASHING? I'M THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS IMPALING PEOPLE!

YEAH, BUT ONLY THE BAD GUYS. IT'S IN A GOOD CAUSE.





BUFFY'S GOING TO BE A LITTLE LATE, SHE HAS CHORES TO DO.

RIGHT, WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO START WITHOUT HER. I WANT YOU TO WATCH THIS, MY FAVORITE MOVIE, FOR GUIDANCE AND INSPIRATION.



MARTY, WOULD YOUR NEW FRIENDS LIKE MILK AND COOKIES?

NO, MOM! I'M TRYING TO CONDUCT A PRODUCTION MEETING HERE.



ANYWAY... LITTLE, LET'S START THE MOVIE.

SO WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS GREAT MOVIE ANYWAY?

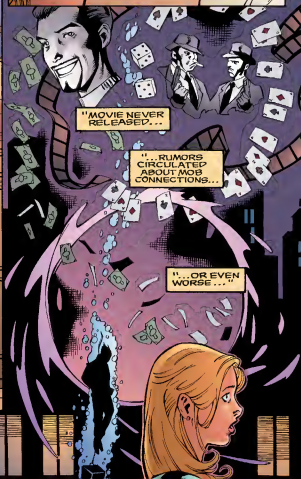


AROOOO

THE FINAL CUT.



AHHHH!





AROOOOOOO

SHUT UP,
YOU FLEA-BITTEN
MONGREL!

WE'RE
ALL SET,
MAN, LET'S GET
THIS OVER
WITH.

IS THIS
AN AUDITION?

FIVE SOULS.
MARTY, I TOLD
YOU FIVE
SOULS.

R-RELAX,
F-FAIR,
THERE'S
ANOTHER ONE
DUE ANY MOMENT
NOW, LET'S GET
THE BALL
ROLLING, HUH?

I NEED
A MOMENT TO
GET INTO
CHARACTER.

HE WANTS
OUR SOULS,
CORDELIA.

AND I
DON'T THINK
HE'S TALKING
ABOUT OUR
SHOES.

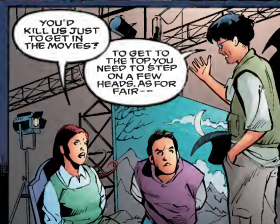


THAT'S
RIGHT.

WHAT'S IN
IT FOR YOU,
MARTY?

AND YOUR
CREEPY
BUDDY?

I DIRECT
FAIR'S NEXT
FEATURE.



YOU'D
KILL US JUST
TO GET IN
THE MOVIES?

TO GET TO
THE TOP YOU
NEED TO STEP
ON A FEW
HEADS. AS FOR
FAIR --



I GO BACK
TO BEING
A STAR.



Y'SEE, A LONG
TIME AGO, I CUT
A DEAL WITH
HOLLYWOOD'S MOST
INFLUENTIAL
DIRECTOR.

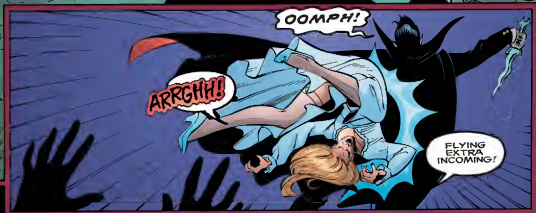
I'D BE ON
THE ROAD TO STARDOM
AND IMMORTALITY IN
EXCHANGE FOR A SMALL
SACRIFICE. UNFORTUNATELY,
I OWED OTHER BUSINESS
ASSOCIATES MONEY.

I WAS LYING
AT THE BOTTOM OF
THE DOCKS BEFORE
I COULD REPAY ALL
MY DEBTS. SO HERE
I AM, MY SOUL
LOCKED IN MY LAST
MOVIE. FIVE SOULS
AWAY FROM REPAYING
MY DEBT TO THE GUY
DOWNSTAIRS AND
FINALLY FREE TO
HIT BIG TIME!

WHAT WAS
THE BUDGET ON
THIS FLICK
ANYWAY. TWO
DOLLARS?

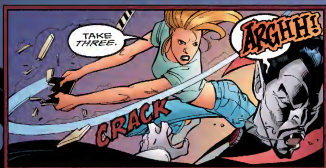


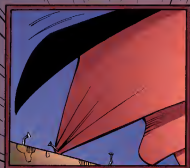




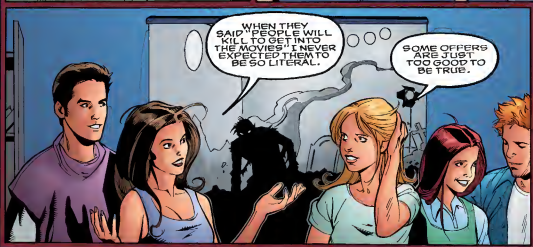












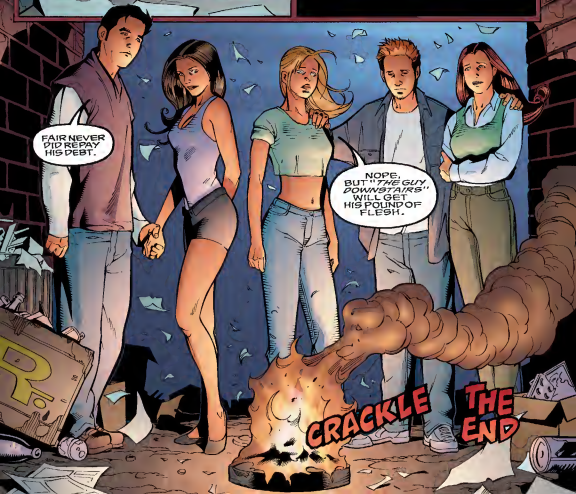
GRARRR

BUFFY?!





SO LONG,
MARTY.





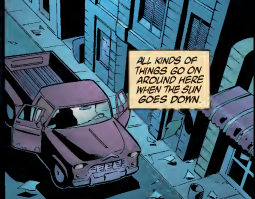




SUNNYDALE, CALIFORNIA.
IT'S A NICE PLACE TO VISIT.

BUT NOT
AFTER DARK.

The Latest Craze



ALL KINDS OF
THINGS GO ON
AROUND HERE
WHEN THE SUN
GOES DOWN.



THE PEOPLE OF
SUNNYDALE TURN
A BLIND EYE AND
WAIT FOR DAWN.



SO IT'S NO SURPRISE,
REALLY, THAT NOBODY
PAYS ANY ATTENTION
TO THE ARRIVAL OF A
SINGLE UNREMARK-
ABLE VEHICLE.



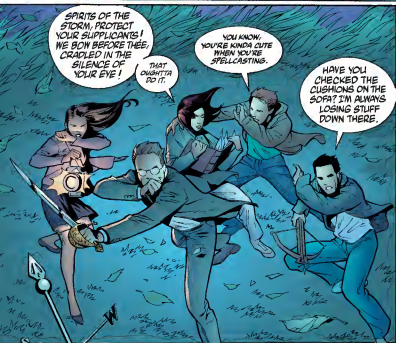
BUT THEY'RE
GOING TO WISH
THEY HAD.

I'M TELLIN'
YOU, LADS...
YOU'RE GONNA
BE BIG.



SLAYER!!!

WHERE IS SHE? I WILL SPARE THE LIFE OF THE FIRST TO SPEAK. TELL ME WHERE THE SLAYER HAS GONE.



ANYTHING SHE LIKES, EVEN THE SMALLEST THING, EVENTUALLY SOME DEMON HAS TO COME ALONG AND SCREW IT UP.

BUFFY SUMMERS KIND OF LIKES THE RAIN. WHEN YOU LIVE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, IT'S SORT OF A NOVELTY STORY OF HER LIFE...

SNAP





THAT'S
ME, MISS
POPULARITY.

YOU THINK IT'S EASY
CLIMBING UP ON A
ROOF, IN THE WIND,
AND THE RAIN, IN
THESE SHOES?

GHAHHH!

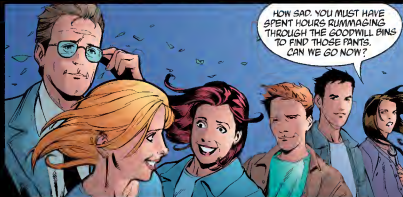


DOOF.

WHUD



Y'KNOW, THERE ARE
A LOT OF DRAWBACKS
TO BEING THE CHOSEN
ONE, BUT ONE OF
THE WORST IS IT'S
HELL ON MY
WARDROBE.



HOW SAD, YOU MUST HAVE
SPENT HOURS RUMMAGING
THROUGH THE GOODWILL BINS
TO FIND THOSE PANTS.
CAN WE GO NOW?



SO I'M THINKIN' POSSIBLY BRONZE TONIGHT.

THAT'D BE GREAT. YOU'VE BEEN M.I.A. SINCE THE WHOLE DJINN THING LAST WEEK.

GILES HAD ME PATROLLING MY BRAINS OUT, IN CASE IT CAME BACK. BUT NO SIGN OF THE UGLY WEATHERMAN, SO, HOPEFULLY, BRONZE.



I WANTED TO LOOK MY CALC NOTES OVER ONE MORE TIME BEFORE THE TEST. YOU HEADED TO THE LIBRARY?

YEP. GILES AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE MEETING OF THE MINDS THAT WILL END WITH ME AT THE BRONZE TONIGHT. COME HELL OR HIGH WATER.

WHICH, AROUND HERE, YA NEVER KNOW.



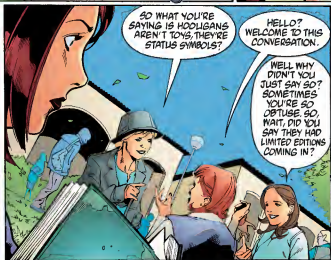
...JUST CAN'T GET OVER HOW CUTE HE IS. ELISSA.

HE OUGHTTA BE CUTE FOR WHAT HE COST, THOUGH. I MEAN, YOU HANG HIM FROM YOUR BAG, AND THATS THAT.

LISTEN TO YOU! HOW MANY OF THOSE STUPID BEANIES ARE COLLECTING DUST ON THE BOOK-SHELF IN YOUR BEDROOM?

BESIDES, IT'S GOOD THAT HOOLIGANS ARE EXPENSIVE. THAT MEANS ONLY PEOPLE WITH ENOUGH MONEY TO APPRECIATE THEM CAN AFFORD ONE, RIGHT, JEREMY?

YOU WERE THE BEST HOOLIGAN IN THE STORE. WE'RE THE PERFECT TEAM. WE BOTH INSPIRE ENVY.



SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS HOOLIGANS AREN'T TOYS, THEY'RE STATUS SYMBOLS?

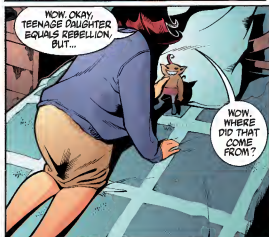
HELLO? WELCOME TO THIS CONVERSATION.

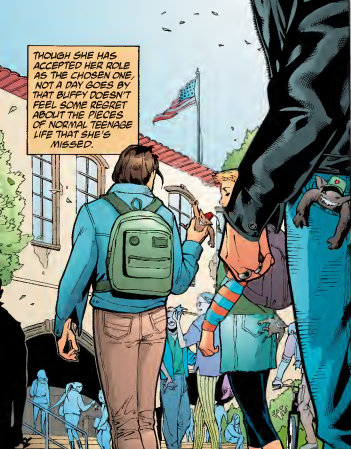
WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY SO? SOMETIMES YOU'RE SO OBTUSE SO, WAIT, DID YOU SAY THEY HAD LIMITED EDITIONS COMING IN?



"NOT FOR ANOTHER WEEK OR SO."

"COOL. WHERE'S THE STORE AGAIN?"





THOUGH SHE HAS ACCEPTED HER ROLE AS THE CHOSEN ONE, NOT A DAY GOES BY THAT BUFFY DOESN'T FEEL SOME REGRET ABOUT THE PIECES OF NORMAL TEENAGE LIFE THAT SHE'S MISSED.



THE DARKNESS SHE FACES EACH DAY NEVER FAILS TO INTRUDE ON A DATE OR A DANCE OR A FOOTBALL GAME. ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE ARE SOME THINGS SHE'S GLAD TO MISS.

BUFFY SUMMERS DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THE LATEST CRAZE.



SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS YOU ACTUALLY HIT THE SACK BEFORE LETTERMAN?

THREE NIGHTS IN A ROW. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF ANYTHING THAT WOULD EVEN BE TEMPTED TO GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT, MAYBE THERE'S A CONVENTION OUT OF TOWN?



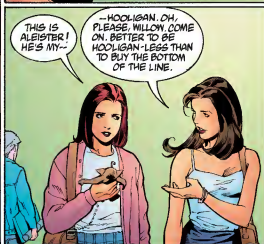
OR SOMEBODY PAINTED "HOME OF THE SLAYER" ON THE WELCOME TO SUNNYDALE SIGN.

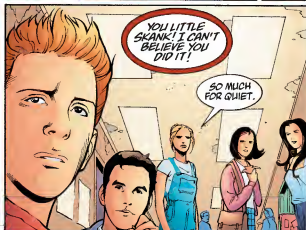
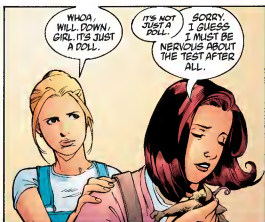
YOU'RE GIVING THEM TOO MUCH CREDIT. THE FORCES OF DARKNESS ARE NOT KNOWN FOR THEIR SMARTS.

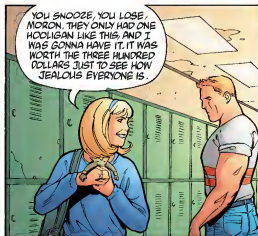


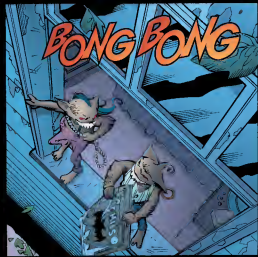
I GUESS I'M JUST STARTING TO GET ANTSY. WHAT GOOD'S A SLAYER WITHOUT SOMETHING TO SLAY?

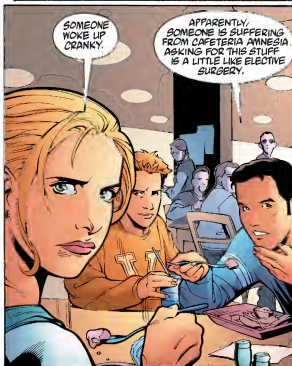
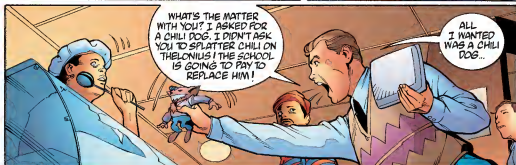
OH, I'D SAY THERE ARE LOADS OF THINGS WE CAN FIND FOR SOMEONE OF YOUR SPECIAL TALENTS TO DO.

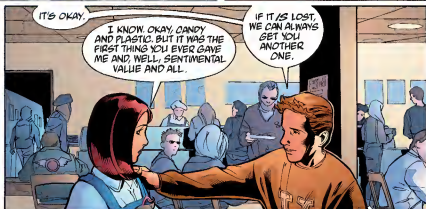


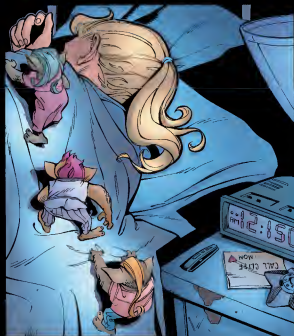














LNNHH...

YAH YAH.

YAH
YAH.



WHAT THE
HECK?

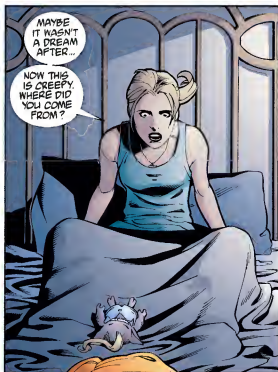


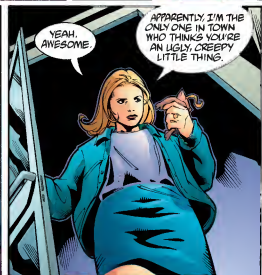
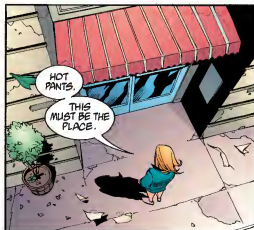
THAT WAS
A PRETTY VIVID
DREAM...



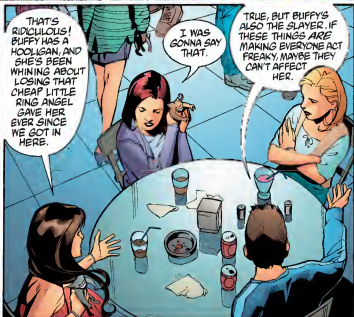
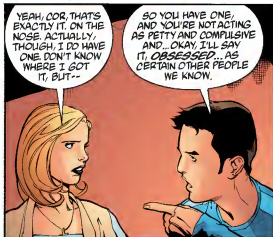
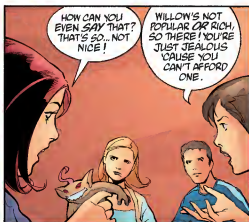
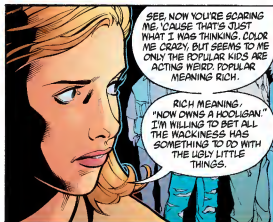
...MY
RING!

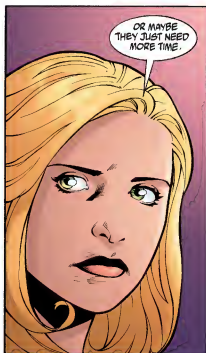
NOT MY
RINGS!

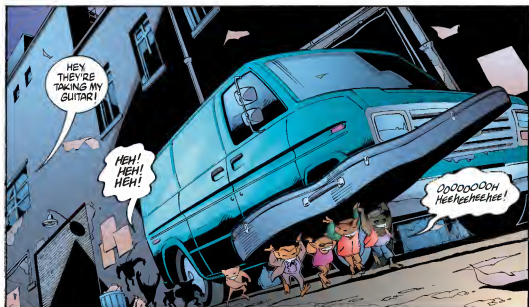




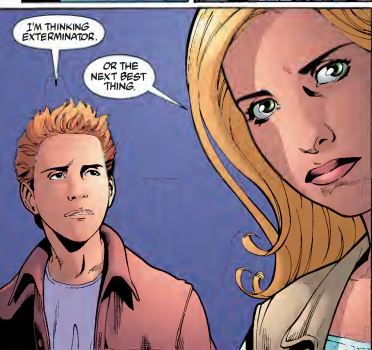


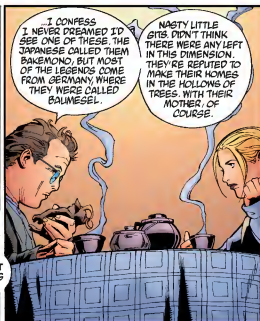


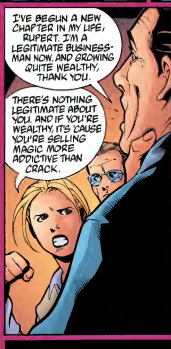










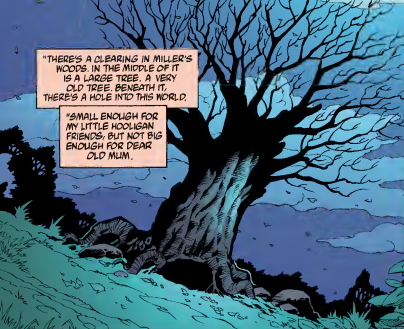


THERE'S NOTHING LEGITIMATE ABOUT YOU. AND IF YOU'RE WEALTHY, IT'S 'CAUSE YOU'RE SELLING MAGIC MORE ADDICTIVE THAN CRACK.



I'VE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. I WOULD SUGGEST YOU VACATE THE PREMISES BEFORE I'M FORCED TO CALL ON THE POLICE.



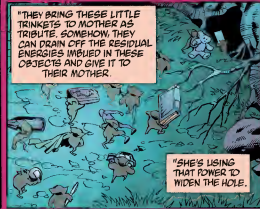


"THERE'S A CLEARING IN MILLER'S WOODS. IN THE MIDDLE OF IT IS A LARGE TREE, A VERY OLD TREE. BENEATH IT, THERE'S A HOLE INTO THIS WORLD.

"SMALL ENOUGH FOR MY LITTLE HOOLIGAN FRIENDS, BUT NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR DEAR OLD MUM.



"THEY'VE BEEN STEALING SPECIAL THINGS TO WHICH THEIR OWNERS ARE EMOTIONALLY ATTACHED. THERE'S POWER IN THAT.



"THEY BRING THESE LITTLE TRINKETS TO MOTHER AS TRIBUTE. SOMEHOW, THEY CAN DRAIN OFF THE RESIDUAL ENERGIES IMBUED IN THESE OBJECTS AND GIVE IT TO THEIR MOTHER.

"SHE'S USING THAT POWER TO WIDEN THE HOLE.



"BUT THE STOLEN THINGS ALSO GIVE HER A CONNECTION TO THE OWNERS. AND WHEN SHE PASSES OVER INTO THIS WORLD, SHE'S PLANNING TO EAT EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM."



NOW HERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY.

YES, WELL, CLEARLY WE'VE STUMBLED UPON A MAGICAL NEXUS OF SOME SORT.

YUP. MAGIC TREE.



MAKES YOU WONDER JUST HOW MANY OF 'EM THERE ARE.

NOW THERE'S A THOUGHT I'D RATHER NOT HAVE, THOUGH YOU'D THINK WITH SO MANY THEY COULD KEEP THE PLACE A LITTLE CLEANER.







DON'T
GET SO EXCITED
YOU'RE NOT STAYING
LONG!

SORRY,
OZ... I'M BEING
AS GENTLE AS
I CAN.

DWAAANNGG

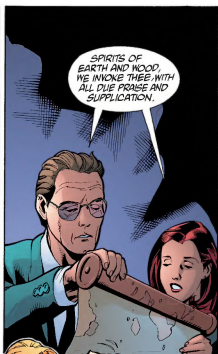
GHURRRKKK!



ALL RIGHT, GUYS. THIS IS HOW IT'S GONNA BE. WE ALL KNOW WHEN YOUR MOM COMES AROUND, SHE'S GONNA HAVE A SERIOUS MAD-ON, AND I'M GONNA HAVE TO DEAL WITH IT.

I DON'T THINK YOU WANT THAT. FRANKLY, I CAN DO WITHOUT IT, TOO.

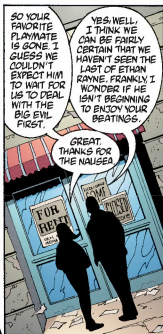






Y'KNOW, I THINK ONE OF THOSE LITTLE MONKEYS STOLE MY LIPSTICK.

OH! MIGHT I SUGGEST WE TAKE OUR LEAVE BEFORE WHATEVER MAGICS ARE AFFECTING THIS PLACE BEGIN TO WEAR OFF?



SO YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE IS GONE. I GUESS WE COULDN'T EXPECT HIM TO WAIT FOR US TO DEAL WITH THE BIG EVIL FIRST.

YES, WELL, I THINK WE CAN BE FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ETHAN RAYNE. FRANKLY, I WONDER IF HE ISN'T BEGINNING TO ENJOY YOUR BEATINGS.

GREAT. THANKS FOR THE NAUSEA



NO, REALLY. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU ALL GOT SO WRAPPED UP IN THAT HOOLIGAN THING. NO SELF-CONTROL. IT'S LIKE, THE LATEST CRAZE COMES ALONG, AND YOU ALL GET WACKY.

IT'S SAD. WE'RE JUST SO WEAK.



YES, WELL, PERHAPS WE'VE ALL LEARNED A LESSON ABOUT ENVY AND PEER PRESSURE.



PLEASE. WHAT PLANET ARE YOU FROM? WHAT I'VE LEARNED IS THAT IF EVERYONE HAD LISTENED TO ME IN THE FIRST PLACE, ALL WOULD HAVE BEEN RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.



I SUPPOSE IT WAS TOO MUCH TO HOPE THAT THIS EXPERIENCE HAD ACTUALLY TAUGHT HER SOMETHING.

YUP.

THE END

Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

The definitive *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* Omnibus series continues—including the first issue of the original monthly series, where readers dive headfirst into the Slayer's turbulent life in Sunnydale, where dating prospects are elusive, and the dueling of demons and vampires is pervasive as ever.

Volume Three jumps into Season Three of the television series with famed writers Andi Watson (*Clubbing*) and Christopher Golden (*Baltimore: or the Steadfast Tin Soldier and the Vampire*), and features the earliest stories by artist Cliff Richards, whose work has become synonymous with *Buffy*.

The *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* Omnibus series is the ultimate crash course in *Buffy* comics—and an excellent precursor to Joss Whedon's Season Eight of the *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* found only in comic books.

